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## Chapter 1 | The Storm (Latest Edit)


1 message

DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

Fri, Jan 24, 2025 at 3:44 PM

To: "alluresalsa@gmail.com" &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;, DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

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Chapter 1 | The Storm on the Dance Floor 

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*I am the Author :  
Alexa Baseeso  
[signature]*

Vanilla stood at the edge of the dance studio, eyes glued on Habanero as he skillfully guided Caramel across the dance floor. The way he moved, the confidence with which he led her—it was intoxicating. Every time their hands touched, every spin they shared, it felt like he was slipping further away from her, further from the trust she was so desperate to gain.

Vanilla's heart clenched. She had worked for months, positioning herself as the perfect candidate for Habanero's confidant, the one he could rely on when things went wrong. But there was one problem—Caramel. The sweet, graceful, non-racialized woman who held Habanero's attention, his heart, and his trust. It wasn't enough that she wasn't around, though—Vanilla knew that Habanero would always return to her. Vanilla needed more than that.

She needed a storm. A catastrophe that would force him to turn to her for comfort, for stability, for someone who would always be there when everyone else abandoned him.

And then, the perfect opportunity arrived. Caramel, ever the wanderlust soul, decided to take her career to another city, far away. Vanilla could hardly contain her excitement when she saw Caramel off. But then... nothing. Habanero didn't crumble. He didn't fall apart. In fact, he hardly seemed phased at all. He was still the same confident, charming king of the dance floor, and women were flocking to him more than ever.

That was when Vanilla knew: she had to play a different game, a dangerous one.

While Vanilla observed, she noted the brewing storm in the world of Latin dance. KitKat, Habanero's loyal but increasingly bitter employee, was plotting something. Something that could not only harm Baklava—Habanero's fiercest competition—but tear apart the delicate web of alliances that had kept the dance community in check. KitKat's jealousy ran deep, especially since Baklava was the reigning King of the Latin Dance Kingdom, a title Habanero coveted with an insatiable hunger.

KitKat was clever, no doubt about it, but he was missing something—the touch of real power like Baklava's and Habanero's. And that's where Vanilla saw an opportunity.

KitKat was using an entitled white woman marketing a Latin man's non-consensual behaviors toward her as Baklava's fault ?! This entitled woman was being racist double fold because she didn't go to the police to address sexual harassment from the Latin man but instead wanted the bare minimum attention of \*any\* white man like KitKat. KitKat was spreading the vile rumours but he used this entitled woman's white face to spread these vile rumors about Baklava.

Kitkat was tearing down Baklava's reputation piece by piece. Vanilla could see how it worked—the power of a non-racialized woman in this environment was undeniable but she had to be a racist. Based on American elections data, we know 52% of white American women voted for Trump. On a balance of probabilities, 1 out of every 2 white females is a racist. Remember, one of the first things Trump did was eliminate all diversity & inclusion programs. The idea was to make employment more accessible but what it did is limit racialized people to a specific pool of jobs because the issue is these racist women in human resources.

These self-declared victims' words' were believed because of their white tears & they never went to the police because it is just about hate. Baklava did nothing to them, but they wanted everyone to dehumanize him just to get some white male bare minimum attention from Kitkat. More women joined the anti-Baklava movement and these displaced grievances amplified since most of them had white faces.

Everyone in the dance world stood to financially once Baklava was dethroned, especially Habanero. KitKat wanted Habanero's blessing and he needed this because he couldn't compete in the dance world on his own merits relative to

Baklava. Neither KitKat nor Baklava were Latin.

Baklava was an immigrant to Canada and he created the concept of a weekly dance social. Baklava focused on the art form and expanded to becoming the city's dance hub for all forms of dance. Baklava was doing this with all odds against him as he is a racialized man, and while he is trilingual, must of faced his own challenges to access meaningful employment in Canada. He decided to employ himself but KitKat wanted to destroy him instead of compete with him. Kitkat even went as far as calling artists secured for Baklava's Festival to villainize him as a pervert banking on how it will be more easily believed because of his race. It is like people forget Canadians include non-racialized humans.

It was clear to Vanilla that KitKat and Habanero couldn't create or innovate because they wanted to be gods without earning it. If Vanilla could secure Habanero, she would be safe from all of them especially if she had his baby.

Baklava was unfairly treated but if Habanero gained then Vanilla was happy. Vanilla saw Habanero as a god, her god. Vanilla is black and Habanero is white. The kind of life upgrade Vanilla stood to gain by just being with him optically would change her life. Vanilla was average and she wanted to be seen. Vanilla worked out and took great care of her body and she spoke French too but all of her efforts never got attention from Habanero.

Vanilla is able to live within her means but she wanted more like basic stability. In Canada, she can only go so far with work because she is black. Roles offered to her are for departments wanting to cover up their racism. Vanilla knew that no matter how hard she tried, she will never get the same opportunities as white women around her. Even the white women whom didn't speak French did better. It was obvious that moving ahead had to take the form of doing some of what they white women do. Vanilla studied them and she realized that they are extremely focused on needing to be seen as sexually attractive by all the men. This was obvious from their choices of clothing or little amounts of it & how they targeted more attractive women even if these women weren't trying. Vanilla admired this and wanted to try it herself. She is black and she will need to finesse this as a advantage for these types of women.

Now that Vanilla reached 30 years old, and despite speaking fluent French; it didn't matter to anyone to help her grow or secure permanent opportunities in government. Vanilla spend 30 years trying and she saw how easily white Canadians got bridged and supported for roles even higher than hers. The only way out is to secure a white man in a relationship especially have his baby. There was only one man around Vanilla that wasn't so white in his behaviors and it wad Habanero.

Habanero had curly hair and a beard. He wasn't flashy in his public choices of cars or clothing. He worked hard and didn't have the self-confidence to know how attractive he was. Habanero felt like a victim in his own life which made him an impressionable possible life upgrade for Vanilla. Vanilla often daydreamed about how much easier her life would be if she was his woman, his wife & baby mama.

Vanilla's mind raced. If she could harness that same power as KitKat's white Karens pretending to be damsels in distress, & use her racialized dentity to shield Kitkat from his racism motivated actions, by supporting them, then she could turn the tide in her favor. But how?

The answer came swiftly when she met Candy—a friend of KitKat's and someone who was always circling the fringes of Habanero's world. Candy wasn't just any woman; she was influential, skilled at manipulating the desires and insecurities of others. But Candy was missing one thing: the deep, raw understanding of race and identity. Candy, being a white female, just like Habanero & Kitkat, used her white privilege to get ahead in life with lies and sabotage; however, she would present herself as a victim. That was where Vanilla saw her chance to offer Candy a shield for her racism but in exchange for securing Habanero. She knew the value of being a token to a women like Candy. Candy was looking to gain from Habanero's growing popularity and she joined KitKat's anti-Baklava movement to show loyalty to Habanero.

This group has no idea how obvious their hate and jealousy are to racialized Canadians with average intelligence. They needed Vanilla seen with them as a black human to deflect from their actual supremacy agenda motivated by hate. KitKat and Candy used Feminism as a cult ideology and were recruiting vulnerable women who felt like victims of white men that never found them attractive. They would literally talk about how the patriarchy was evil & how they hated men.

The same women would kiss Habanero's feet if he asked them too. They had no idea how ugly being this desperate is to any man. Vanilla was like them in mentality but she behaved differently by acting like a slave to Habanero. Vanilla actually believed Habanero is a god while these women hated him, did nothing for him but wanted him to revere them. The difference between racist white women and self-hating non-white women is that racialized self haters actually believe they are less than Habanero while the Feminists believe they are better than Habanero just for existing and breathing while behaving desperately in public. Some of these women literally would feel Habanero up or literally put their chest on him. Two of them acted like prostitutes and lap danced when he threw a chair in the middle of the dance floor. They were desperate and all that showed was how unattractive they believe they are.

To gain KitKat's trust, Vanilla first had to ingratiate herself with Candy, the perfect bridge to KitKat. She joined the ranks of KitKat's anti-Baklava movement, knowing that her loyalty would be tested. And tested it was. KitKat was ruthless, his

methods dark, but Vanilla mirrored his tactics, twisting and manipulating the rumors to suit her own needs. Only now, her target was Habanero.

Vanilla released a KitKat inspired type of rumor, hoping that the floodgates would open. She anonymously published rumours online so that dancers would think that Habanero had been using his power to manipulate his students into emotional submission, leveraging his position to control them & take advantage of them sexually. The damage was immediate. Vanilla wanted Caramel to leave Habanero, and all the other women to back off, and for Habanero to be left alone while being seen as undesirable. She wanted him to be so distraught so she could swoop in and offer him support while everyone shunned him.

But it didn't stop there. As the weeks passed, the fallout from the rumors started to spread. Habanero, broken and desperate for someone to trust, turned to Vanilla. She was there, just as planned, waiting with open arms.

Rumors of Habanero's inappropriate behavior with his students, whispers of him abusing his position of power—Vanilla knew that these lies would rip apart everything Habanero had built. The trust he'd earned, the respect he'd commanded, it would crumble beneath the weight of these falsehoods. And once it was all destroyed, once Caramel was gone for good, Vanilla would be there, ready to pick up the pieces.

The problem? Caramel & Habanero's family didn't buy into the rumors as easily as she thought. Caramel kept reaching out to Habanero still tethered to him as Vanilla's stomach churned every time he spoke about Caramel, and she couldn't bear the thought of Caramel staying in the space she desperately, and carefully, planned to slip into. Vanilla has been building toward this for years having met Habanero when he discovered his dance passion & became a dance teacher while pursuing his doctorate degree.

But then, just when it seemed like her plan might fail, a new player entered the game.

Cayenne.

But things had shifted. Caramel hadn't left. KitKat's war on Baklava raged on, and this new woman had caught Habanero's attention in ways Vanilla never expected.

This mysterious woman, with her fiery charm and undeniable allure, caught Habanero's eye in a way Vanilla never could. She watched from the shadows, her plans starting to fray as she saw Habanero become captivated by Cayenne. The jealousy in her grew like an uncontrollable wildfire, and she knew—this wasn't just about Caramel anymore. It was about winning Habanero's heart, his loyalty, and his trust.

The storm Vanilla had created wasn't a perfect one. It was messy. It was unpredictable. And it was only just beginning.

Vanilla stalked Cayenne. She followed her every move, taking note of her interactions with Habanero, and even trying to become her friend. Things reached an unbearable climax when Vanilla sat next to Cayenne at Habanero's social, and Vanilla saw a sexy photo of Habanero on Cayenne's phone. Vanilla realized things were even worse than she feared. Habanero was falling for Cayenne. Cayenne is spicy in an alluring & non-demure kind of way. Habanero liked it hot and it was like Cayenne was from a different world. She was sweet like Caramel but spicy. Cayenne was elegant but a free spirit & had a geeky side. It didn't help that Cayenne is older than Habanero by 2 years too.

And that's when Vanilla realized her mistake. She had underestimated the depth of the storm she needed to create. She wasn't just vying for Habanero's attention anymore—she was sowing the seeds of Cayenne's destruction. Vanilla wanted her ascension to the ranks of the dance world royals. She needed more extreme measures. There was no turning back from here.

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To be continued . . .

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What do you think? Yes, I am writing a novel based on my life and experiences. This will be the back of the book. I want to discuss racism in a non conventional kind of way. I want to share my world in an entertaining way. This is a work in progress with plot twists I can't wait to write. I wanted to stay away from conventional names to avoid bias in how readers take sides. I wanted to highlight the behaviors more than the identifiers so ppl with privilege can see how they are perceived ☺



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## Chapter 2

1 message

Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;

Sat, Jan 25, 2025 at 12:30 PM

To: DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;, Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;

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The Storm on the Dance Floor

Chapter 2: The Web of Deceit

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Last edit: Jan 25 @ 10:48 AM

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KitKat and Candy weren't just well meaning dancers. They were manipulators, shadows who pulled strings from behind the scenes, weaving a web of deceit to control Habanero and anyone they could influence. For months, they had been crafting an intricate campaign to ruin Baklava, but it was Cayenne's rise that truly threatened their fragile hold over Habanero.

Cayenne wasn't just another dancer to them. She was a force—a woman who moved through spaces with a quiet confidence that had nothing to do with sexuality. It wasn't just her beauty that caught the eye; it was the ease with which she commanded respect. KitKat and Candy didn't like that. They didn't like that Cayenne, a racialized woman, had something they could never possess: true self-assurance built on self-respect.

While Candy was beautiful in her own right, her appeal lay in her ability to manipulate, to seduce through her presence and her profession as a social worker. She wasn't a real psychotherapist, but she used her role to play mind games with vulnerable dancers, gaining their trust only to exploit it. She was calculated, cool, and distant—everything Cayenne wasn't. But despite all her efforts, she couldn't compete with the natural magnetism Cayenne exuded.

And that, more than anything, was what enraged them. They saw Cayenne as a threat—not just to their power over Habanero, but to their carefully constructed world. They knew that Habanero had been growing closer to Cayenne, even attending Baklava's social after months of boycotting him—because Cayenne was there.

KitKat and Candy couldn't allow this. Cayenne had to be stopped. She was disrupting everything, threatening their influence, and worse—she had the audacity to challenge their narrative.

In their eyes, Baklava was their enemy, a racialized man they couldn't subdue over 2 decades. They had long tried to manipulate Baklava but couldn't so he had to be character assassinated. Just as KitKat and Candy thought they rid the dance world of Baklava, then Cayenne pranced in like she belonged & she wasn't even white but presented herself as an equal. She wasn't playing their game or any game. She wasn't swayed by their lies nor needed to lie. Cayenne stood firm in her convictions, and that's when KitKat and Candy realized just how dangerous she was.

KitKat, ever the architect of their lies, saw the danger in Cayenne's clarity. She was no fool. She wasn't just rejecting their manipulations; she was actively undermining their power. KitKat could sense it—Cayenne was onto them, and she didn't want any part in their toxic world of deceit.

Candy, meanwhile, was still playing her part, pulling at threads where she could. She dug deeper into her manipulative tactics, trying to gaslight Cayenne into questioning her own mental health. But Cayenne wasn't having it. For the first time in a long while, Candy had met someone she couldn't control—and that terrified her.

But KitKat and Candy weren't about to back down. They created a new weapon: an online sisterhood group, disguised as a feminist movement. It was meant to pull the wool over everyone's eyes, a group where they could control the narrative, spread their hate, and manipulate vulnerable women to do their dirty work for them. Through this sisterhood, they crafted a new movement against Baklava, but it wasn't long before Cayenne picked up on this. Cayenne's presence threatened to unravel everything.

They didn't just want to discredit Baklava—they wanted to erase Cayenne. They used lies, twisting her words, constructing false narratives, and spreading rumors. But Cayenne wasn't naive. She didn't fall for their twisted web of

attacks. Neither did the more intelligent dancers who witnessed KitKat and Candy's assaults on Cayenne on private online groups where Vanilla and others participated.

They tried to make Cayenne the villain, painting her as someone who harassed men, and even made up false allegations, hoping to turn the public against her. But Cayenne stood tall. She didn't respond in anger or fear; she responded with truth. She had nothing to hide. Unlike the manipulative Candy and KitKat, Cayenne's strength lay in her integrity, her authenticity. She knew they were spreading lies, but she also knew that the truth always finds its way to the surface.

The more they tried to tear her down, the more the cracks in their deceit became visible. People started coming to Cayenne, telling her what they had overheard, what they had seen. The whispers of their lies reached her ears, and she wasn't afraid to take action.

One day, Cayenne received screenshots of a conversation that made her blood boil—Peanuts, one of their misguided sisterhood pawns, had been spreading a vile lie that Cayenne was under criminal investigation. Peanuts was just a puppet, doing their dirty work but she was chosen because she hated Cayenne and was hoping to date Habanero. Peanuts was average in appearance & hyper sexual in her demeanor. And as stupid as she was in her jealousy, she was the one who ended up exposing the entire scheme but Vanilla was too good & didn't get implicated. Vanilla dodged this one.

The damage was done. KitKat and Candy had underestimated Cayenne, and now they were in a corner. The lies they'd spent months crafting were crumbling, and Cayenne wasn't about to let them get away with it.

Cayenne filed her own police report, not because she had anything to hide, but because KitKat and Candy had crossed a line. They had used her name and reputation to fuel their toxic campaign, and now it was time to fight back.

But as KitKat and Candy realized, their lies couldn't hold up forever. The more they tried to tear Cayenne down, the more they exposed themselves. They hadn't anticipated the strength of the people who supported Cayenne—the ones who knew the truth and were willing to stand by her.

In the end, it wasn't their lies that defined Cayenne—it was the truth. KitKat and Candy were losing control, and their twisted empire of deceit was crumbling. Vanilla wasn't implicated and Cayenne had no idea about her involvement.

But even as the battle seemed to shift in Cayenne's favor, there was still a long road ahead. The war wasn't over, not by a long shot. KitKat and Candy still had their followers, and their thirst for power wasn't easily quenched. But Cayenne had a weapon they could never touch: the truth, and the strength of those who loved and respected her.

Cayenne had eyes & ears everywhere. People had her back.

To be continued...



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## Chapter 3

1 message

Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;

Mon, Jan 27, 2025 at 9:44 AM

To: Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;, DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

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The Storm on the Dance Floor  
Chapter 3 | The Bitter Truth about Privilege  
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Edited Jan 25 @ 9:41 PM

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It was a bitterly cold February day, and Cayenne had just walked away from yet another racially charged encounter, the kind that left a cold ache in her chest. A moment meant to honor the beauty of dance, to celebrate the connection between bodies and rhythm, had been twisted into a stage for her torment. What should have been an uplifting evening had become yet another battleground where she was dehumanized for simply existing.

Lemon, the event organizer, stood at the center of it all. A man of color himself—Latino, someone who should have understood the complexities of identity, racism, and the weight of prejudice—had chosen to side with her tormentor. It stung, but worse still, it felt like betrayal.

Then there was Peanuts. She was someone who was anything but cute. She was a force of jealousy and delusion, obsessed with fitting in, desperate for attention, especially from Habanero. Her campaign to tear Cayenne down wasn't an accident. No, Peanuts was a racist. And like Vanilla, she couldn't stand that Habanero respected Cayenne—a woman who never flirted with him, never sought anything sexual, yet caught his eye simply because of who she was. A woman who couldn't bear to look into his eyes because she found them beautiful. They shared a chemistry that didn't require words or glances laden with ulterior motives.

But Peanuts? Peanuts couldn't stand it. She stalked Cayenne online for months, weaving lies and spinning stories until they bled into the very fabric of the social circles Cayenne frequented. Her words poisoned the air, and she wasn't alone. No, she had her cohorts—Vanilla, KitKat, and Candy—acting as her silent accomplices, watching as Peanuts manipulated everyone with her false victimhood, bullying while crying foul.

It was all a lie. Peanuts hadn't even been at Lemon's event, yet she still managed to twist the narrative. Cayenne was now a monster—homophobic, dangerous, a threat to the very fabric of the event, all because she hadn't bowed down to Peanuts' advances. The irony was thick. Peanuts, bisexual herself, had pressed her body against Cayenne during dances, tried to wedge herself between Cayenne and Habanero, and when she was rejected, she painted Cayenne as the aggressor. The truth didn't matter. The lie was all that needed to be believed.

Cayenne had danced at Lemon's event, danced with a grace and confidence that Peanuts couldn't bear. No one saw the malice creeping behind the smiles of Peanuts, Candy, KitKat, and Vanilla. And worst of all, Lemon—who had been present, who had seen Cayenne dance time and time again—believed it. He didn't question Peanuts' accusations, didn't consider the possibility that racism was at play.

Instead, he pulled Cayenne aside at another event, his eyes cold, his tone accusing. He spoke of her beliefs, pressing her, asking invasive questions about homosexuality as though he had the right to scrutinize her every thought. Cayenne stood there, bewildered, trying to understand how it had come to this. Why was he ignoring the truth she spoke?

The truth was simple. Cayenne had supported his event. She had spent money, time, and energy promoting it, even though she had never truly been welcomed by the very people she was trying to support. Yet, here she was, being interrogated as though she were the enemy.

Lemon's actions didn't just reflect ignorance. They reflected something deeper: a self-hatred, an internalized oppression. He felt special, perhaps, to be asked by these white women to bully Cayenne. And that was the most painful part—seeing how easily he chose to believe the lies, how eager he was to enforce the social order, even when it meant tearing down a woman who had only ever danced with authenticity.

But Cayenne wouldn't bend. She wouldn't break.

As she stood on that dance floor, under the weight of false accusations and scrutiny, one thing became clear: this wasn't just about dance. It was a battle for her very existence, a fight against a society that constantly sought to erase her. Racism wasn't just a matter of blatant hate—it was subtle, insidious, woven into the very fabric of social dynamics. It was in Lemon's refusal to see her as a human being. It was in the lies Peanuts told, carefully crafted and spread with precision. And it was in the actions of her so-called friends, people who had once smiled at her, but who now stood with the enemy.

But Cayenne wasn't about to let them win.

She had always believed in herself, always knew her worth. But now, the stakes were higher. She wouldn't let anyone speak for her. She wouldn't let anyone erase her identity, her voice. If she had to stand alone, then so be it. The truth would come to light, and when it did, everyone would know the lies for what they were.

The fight didn't end there. Screenshots were taken. Evidence of Peanuts' malicious online group that she formed, where lies and rumors were spread with fervor, they were gifted to Cayenne by a white human that Peanuts tried to recruit but failed. And Cayenne wasn't about to let them get away with it. She contacted the police, shared the screenshots, and filed a report. She posted the proof, the evidence that Peanuts, KitKat, Candy, and Vanilla were all under investigation. The truth was out there, and it was unstoppable.

But the truth didn't stop with the police investigation. Peanuts, too proud to back down, tried to cover her tracks but it was too late because Cayenne had the screenshots which included Peanuts telling lies on the Police's tongue about Cayenne being charged. She retracted her accusations, but not before exposing the web of lies she had woven which also referenced others. It was clear now—Peanuts wasn't acting alone. She had manipulated others, using her whiteness as armor to make her lies stick. But it was all unraveling.

And in the end, the most painful truth was this: this wasn't just about Cayenne. It was about the fear of a woman who wouldn't play the game of white-supremacy. It was about the fear of a woman who stood tall in her identity, refused to bend, and made her own truth known.

And as the carefully woven web of lies began to unravel, as the vicious campaign of hate disintegrated under the weight of truth, one thing became undeniable—Cayenne would not be erased.

She would never be forgotten.

She would fight. Relentlessly. Fiercely. Until the very end.

But what about the others? Who were they, really?

Vanilla's nerves were starting to show, her composure cracking. Habanero was no better—his face tightened with a kind of desperation that couldn't be ignored. Candy and Kitkat? They hadn't seen this coming. They hadn't prepared for this.

In the quiet storm of her thoughts, Cayenne realized the truth—they weren't just targeting her. They were building a false narrative, constructing an image of her and others like her—dancers, artists, people who dared to exist outside their narrow view. Baklava too. The lies they spun painted a picture of villainy, a portrait of people who didn't exist outside their own manufactured hatred.

Cayenne's blood ran cold as she uncovered the plot: they had planned to charge her with harassment and stalking of Habanero. It was absurd. She hadn't spoken to him in months—not since the fallout of that awful incident in the Fall. 8 months prior, to be exact.

Her mind raced back to that time, the crisp autumn air thick with tension. She revisited every detail, every word, every glance, and something clicked. Patterns, hidden connections, pieces of a puzzle she hadn't noticed before.

Peanuts and Vanilla. These two were the architects of this twisted scheme. And Cayenne knew now that she wasn't just fighting to clear her name. She was fighting to expose them all.

To be continued . . .





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## Chapter 4

1 message

Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;

Mon, Jan 27, 2025 at 9:44 AM

To: Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;, DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

Title: The Storm on the Dance Floor

Chapter 4: Anonymous Rumours Revived

Author: Lexi Bee

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The evening was thick with anticipation, the air heavy with the tension that only a dance social could summon. Habanero had promised Cayenne a dance—a promise made earlier between them, a quiet vow whispered amidst the pulse of the crowd. It was more than just a dance; it was a private meeting between twin flames, an unspoken bond between two souls who shared an unspoken understanding that came out in their fleeting moments on the dance floor. Each one of their dances shared a quiet cerebral intimacy that was beautiful to watch & effortless between them.

A Bachata, sensual and intimate, was the perfect backdrop for their connection after so much upbeat Salsa. The rhythm seemed to sync with their hearts, a beat that spoke volumes.

But lurking in the corner of the room, watching every step, was Vanilla who noticed everyone orbiting around Habanero. Someone was staring right back at her though, it was Peanuts. They exchanged concern over Cayenne with their eyes.

Peanuts, approached Habanero and she asked him to dance but he refused. The words were cold, final. "I promised Cayenne," he said, his tone sharp, his rejection a knife to her already wounded pride. The sting of it was unbearable. She could feel her worth slipping away, crushed beneath the weight of his indifference. And that wasn't just it. Cayenne wasn't like Peanuts—she wasn't white. And in that moment, the rejection felt like a wound deeper than any could understand.

Peanuts, feeling the sting of rejection, after approaching Habanero asking him for a dance. His refusal was swift, decisive. He had promised Cayenne. His words cut through her like a knife. She could feel the rejection in her bones, could feel her worth slipping away, and couldn't stand it. So she took matters into her own hands. Without hesitation, she marched up to Cayenne, her eyes burning with a possessive fury. She demanded to be inserted into their dance. She was determined to be a third wheel in their moment of intimacy, to tear apart what they had. The Bachata, meant to be a private exchange between two people, became a battleground. And it was clear to everyone—except Habanero—that he was deeply in love with Cayenne.

But the Bachata was meant to be more intimate—a dance between two people. It became a war zone, as Peanuts tried to shove herself into their world. And then Habanero asked Cayenne to dance . . . and Peanuts and Vanilla had watched from the sidelines as the unspeakable happened . . .

Habanero, in a moment of quiet intimacy, had brought his forehead to Cayenne's forehead, a gesture so intimate it felt as though their very minds had kissed. The room seemed to hold its breath as they swirled together in that one perfect moment. To anyone watching, it was clear—Habanero was in love with Cayenne. But to Peanuts and Vanilla, it was something else entirely. It was a threat, a challenge to the imaginary world each of them carefully crafted to have status in front of other women. Peanuts and Vanilla are feminists supporting and accepting of female white supremacy. They didn't love Habanero but they loved how being with Habanero would look in front of other women.

But this was only the beginning because Peanuts saw Vanilla as less than her & not competition while Vanilla knew Habanero was into Cayenne's race. Cayenne was an Arabic Levant woman who enjoyed the family component from the patriarchy. Cayenne was liberated and free in her art expression but loved her femininity. Cayenne had angelic & dark elements to her feminine energy. She was smart but never desperate while being articulate and opinionated. Men who appreciated her were intimidated by her while those confused with her politeness soon became confronted with her boundary setting like Peanuts. Vanilla was sly, and Cayenne hadn't seen her or suspected her of anything yet.

Four days later, the stage was set by Vanilla for the final act for when Habanero would dance with Cayenne again at a different social. Vanilla will not attend & has coached Peanuts on how to set up Cayenne with public disrespect & use her Arabness to villainize her.

Habanero promised Cayenne another dance as predicted, and this time, Peanuts was ready.



Peanuts watched, waiting for them to begin their dance while her mind was turning with the cruel steps of Vanilla's plan. Peanuts knew exactly what she had to do to push Cayenne over the edge. She will make it look like Cayenne is competing for Habanero by acting like she had a relationship with Habanero through a forced sexual advance in front of everyone. Cayenne will get upset & hopefully physically assault Peanuts just as planned. Then Peanuts would use her white face & tears to play victim. Vanilla would then revive her anonymous rumours by making them real. Peanuts is Habanero's student and has written extensively on her Facebook about this. Peanuts also gave Habanero a five star review also confirming her student status on Google.

Vanilla was smarter than Peanuts and was using her like Kitkat was using vulnerable white racists, he knew fancied him, to target racialized Baklava.

And then it happened.

As if out of nowhere, Peanuts appeared—like a shadow in the night—slipping behind Habanero with the grace of a predator. Without warning, she pressed her lips to the back of his head after caressing the back of his neck. It was an act of force, of dominance. Habanero, caught off guard, had no time to process, no time to react. It was a kiss without consent, an assault disguised as a bold, reckless gesture. The room froze, the music faded, and all eyes turned to the scene unfolding before them.

It was September 16, 2023—the day Vanilla & Peanuts' twisted plot would finally come to fruition.

But the fire had been building for days. Four days earlier, on September 12, 2023, Peanuts and Vanilla had witnessed Habanero's intimate dance with Cayenne. The moment Habanero had placed his forehead upon hers—an unmistakable signal of affection—was all the evidence they needed. To them, it was a threat. A direct challenge. And that challenge would not go unanswered. They needed to strike before Cayenne became too entrenched in his heart.

That night, Peanuts had approached Habanero, her voice sharp, demanding a dance. But he had refused, his words cutting through her. He had promised Cayenne. The rejection stung, deep and bitter. But worse than the rejection was the unspoken truth that Cayenne was not like Peanuts—she was not white, and that fact burned deeper than any snub. It was a humiliation Peanuts could not bear.

And so, the wheels of the plan began to turn.

September 16th was no coincidence. It was all carefully orchestrated by Vanilla and Peanuts, who knew that surveillance cameras would be watching. Vanilla, with her cold, calculating mind, had devised the perfect trap. She had instructed Peanuts to humiliate Cayenne, to provoke her into a violent reaction by force-kissing Habanero like they were dating while he was dancing with Cayenne, on the dance floor, & in front of everyone. The plan was clear—get Cayenne to lash out, to become the villain, to give Peanuts the perfect opportunity to use her white tears to call the police.

But Peanuts, ever the shadow, had no idea she was also being set up to validate the anonymous rumours Vanilla created to entrap Habanero toward her and get Caramel to leave him seeing him as a pervert. Caramel was still in the picture but far, far away. Vanilla needed her to provoke Cayenne by forcing herself in her dance like she tried to do with Cayenne four days earlier. Cayenne rejected Peanuts' request to third wheel her dance with Habanero so adding some pervert behavior to intrusion was meant to cause Cayenne to physically lash out.

Vanilla wanted Cayenne to see Habanero as a player and a cheater who takes advantage of his female students. Cayenne was gaining popularity & if she validated Vanilla's rumours, Habanero would suffer, Caramel would leave him & possibly block him too. Vanilla couldn't outcompete other women because she didn't love Habanero but wanted him to love her for wanting to use him to upgrade her life.

Then it happened.

Peanuts watched Habanero hold Cayenne's hands and start to dance, and like a bat out of hell, Peanuts ran from behind Habanero suggestively caressed the back of his neck & kissed him from behind 😏

Peanuts' kiss was a declaration of power, a desperate, frantic attempt to control the narrative. She stepped into the role Vanilla had assigned her, smiling as she walked away, hoping that Cayenne would lose herself, would fall into the trap. But what they hadn't anticipated was Cayenne's strength, her resolve. She didn't react as they hoped. Cayenne continued her dance with Habanero and Habanero acted like nothing happened.

Cayenne saw Habanero's face. He froze, it wasn't expected. It never happened before. Habanero had danced with Peanuts before Cayenne that same evening. Peanuts didn't try anything. This was a war against Cayenne. Habanero wasn't the issue, it was Cayenne's existence and Habanero's non interest in the extreme sexual advances being thrown on him. Cayenne didn't even flirt with Habanero. Cayenne found his eyes too beautiful to look at without being distracted

from dancing. Cayenne explained herself to Habanero. Habanero didn't mind. He enjoyed their cerebral connection. It was natural for him to kiss her brain with his.

This wasn't just about provoking Cayenne. This was part of a much darker, larger scheme—a plot that had been simmering for months, a game of lies and manipulation. Vanilla, in her quiet and dangerous way, had orchestrated every move, every step. She had woven a web of deceit, pulling the strings from behind the scenes, manipulating Peanuts, and trying to destroy Cayenne's reputation in the process.

Vanilla wasn't just a bystander—she was the architect of it all. Every move she made, every whisper in Peanuts' ear, was carefully calculated. She had learned from Kitkat, but she was sharper, more dangerous.

And when everything began to unravel, when their lies were exposed, Vanilla's reach extended far beyond what any of them could have imagined. Vanilla wasn't just playing a game. She was rewriting the rules, shaping a world where she was the puppet master and everyone else was at her mercy.

Cayenne understood the danger now. She saw the web that had been spun around her, and the chilling reality that Vanilla was at the center of it all. It wasn't just about ruining her—it was about control. Vanilla wanted to control the narrative, to destroy anyone who stood in her way, and she was willing to go as far as it took to make that happen.

Cayenne never expected her passion for dance to lead her down a dark, twisting path of manipulation, betrayal, and deceit. What started as a connection with a charming, elusive DJ—Habanero—quickly descended into a dangerous game, where power, race, and obsession collided in ways she never could have foreseen.

Five days later, on September 21st, Vanilla lost control and put her hands on Cayenne in front of Habanero and Candy, and this changed everything . . .

To be continued . . .



DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

## Chapter 5

1 message

Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;

Wed, Feb 5, 2025 at 1:37 PM

To: Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;, DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

Title: The Storm on the Dance Floor

Chapter 5: Betrayal Anniversary Sparked by a Self-hater

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The thrum of the bass at Baila Lounge pulsed through the bodies on the floor, as if the music itself was alive, and commanding. Dancers moved in perfect sync, caught in the rhythm, losing themselves to the melody. It was magic—an escape from everything outside. But under the lights, beneath the beats, there was a storm that no melody could drown. Old wounds, lies, betrayals—unspoken resentments that no amount of dance could erase. Tonight, it seemed, the music wasn't enough to mask the thunder rumbling just below the surface.

Cayenne felt Maple before she even saw her. There was something in the air—a shift, a pressure that sent a jolt through her chest. Maple walked toward her, each step slow, deliberate, as though she were preparing for something far more significant than a simple confrontation. Her eyes were unreadable—guilt and defiance warring behind them. It was a look that spoke of past secrets and unspoken tensions, a storm waiting to break.

The moment Maple stopped in front of her, Cayenne braced herself. She didn't need to say a word. The silence between them was louder than anything she could have spoken.

"I didn't do anything wrong," Maple said, her voice brittle, strained, as if she were trying to convince herself as much as Cayenne. Her gaze flickered nervously over Cayenne's face, searching for any hint of accusation, any trace of judgment.

But Cayenne didn't flinch. She held her ground, her stare unwavering. "Then why did you post that message on my business page, Maple?" she asked, the question hanging between them, charged with the weight of everything unspoken.

Maple's breath hitched. "You blocked me," she snapped, as though that somehow explained everything. "I had to do something."

But it wasn't about a blocked account. Not really. Not when the pain ran deeper, far deeper, than a simple digital barrier. This was about something else entirely—about the fight Cayenne had been waging, her battle to carve out a space for her heritage, for her Levantine roots, for the very culture that had been erased, minimized, and silenced. And Maple? Maple was supposed to be on her side. Another Levant Arabic woman, someone who should have understood. Someone who should have fought alongside her.

But something had changed. Somewhere along the way, Maple had become her own worst enemy—a self-hater in a world that demanded she hate herself, too. And now, here she was, standing before Cayenne, not as an ally, but as a stranger—an embodiment of everything Cayenne had tried to escape.

But it wasn't just that. Cayenne could feel the layers, the complexities. The betrayal ran far deeper. This wasn't just about a message or a blocked Facebook account. This was about the web of lies they had all become tangled in.

Habanero. Vanilla. Peanuts. Candy. They were all part of the same cruel game, and Maple had been drawn into it, just like the others.

Cayenne had known the story. She'd heard the whispers. Vanilla, desperate for Habanero's affection, had posted about being his girlfriend on Instagram—on Valentine's Day, no less. But there was something hollow about it, something that didn't sit right. Cayenne could see it now—Vanilla, her aggressive posture in front of Habanero, the way she forced a kiss on him at Mood Salsa. Habanero had never responded, never acknowledged the relationship publicly, and that silence told Cayenne everything she needed to know.

Habanero didn't care about Vanilla, not the way he had once cared about Cayenne. He was just playing a game. But the damage had been done. Vanilla had made her move, and now Maple stood in front of Cayenne—accepting disrespect for being an Arab dancing with Habanero, just as she had once danced with Habanero & he let Peanuts disrespect Cayenne;

this time he let Vanilla disrespect Maple . . . It was too much. The betrayal, the manipulation, the cruelty with the ongoing disrespect—it all came flooding back.

Weeks ago, Vanilla had pushed Maple aside and forced herself onto Habanero in front of everyone. The whispers had reached Cayenne's ears like a poison, and she didn't need to be there to know what had happened. It was an orchestrated act—an assault on Cayenne's perceived replacement for Habanero, a calculated attempt to strip another Arabic woman of her dignity, her power, and her place in the community by none other than Vanilla.

It was never about dance. It had never been about the music or the rhythm or the passion. It was about control. It was about power. It was about erasing Cayenne, making her smaller, making her invisible. And now, Maple had become part of that equation, caught in the same toxic dance of self-loathing and desperation for validation.

The truth was, Cayenne had built something incredible—a platform, a movement, a voice. \*Arab Latino Nights\* had taken the community by storm, but it had also sparked a fire in those who wanted to see her fail. Habanero, once a kindred spirit, had turned on her. The others—Peanuts, Vanilla, Candy—they were all playing their part, using whatever tools they had to destroy or at least try to destroy Cayenne.

One year ago exactly on this day so much had gone down, and Maple was bringing it all up for Cayenne . . .

The forced kiss? That was the breaking point. A sickening, calculated move to provoke her, to manipulate her into reacting. To make her the villain in a story that had already been written in their minds.

And then came PhoBoGa X. Cayenne had hoped it would be an opportunity to clear the air, to reclaim her dignity. But it had been a trap—another part of their plan to gaslight her into silence. The confrontation had been brutal. The table, the forceful hands, the indifference of Habanero—Cayenne had seen something major had changed. Habanero was an entirely different person to her, like he was possessed by a different spirit or was wearing a mask.

"At Mood Salsa," Habanero had said, his voice cold, cutting through the silence, "we cannot accommodate other cultures."

His words had been a death sentence, a declaration that Cayenne, her heritage, her struggle—everything she stood for—was unwelcome. And in that moment, Cayenne had known. He had chosen his side. He had chosen them, and to be a racist. It was easier to self-sabotage our beautiful friendship. It was hard on Cayenne's soul.

The taste of betrayal had lingered long after she left that night. It wasn't just the physical assault from Vanilla at PhoBoGa X which came out of no where. It was the indifference, the coldness, the disregard for her humanity. Habanero had been the one person who had once understood her, the one who had shared her love for the dance, the music, the culture. But now, he was just another cog in the machine, working to erase everything she had fought for.

And then, Maple. The final straw. Her post on Cayenne's Facebook page had been a step too far. It wasn't about the post itself, though. It was the way it tried to defame her, to paint her as someone she was not. To turn her into the villain of her own story on her business page, in front of her clients. Maple could have sent a private message but she posted on Cayenne's public wall. Maple wasn't blocked on Cayenne's business page, and only on her personal page. Why was she supporting Mood Salsa and watching Arab Latino Nights but not supporting Cayenne? Why is she choosing a side when she can be neutral . . . It became clear because she was like Vanilla and was hoping to secure Habanero by hating herself . . .

But Cayenne wasn't going to let it slide. She wasn't going to be silent anymore.

She responded—fiercely, ruthlessly. She called Maple out for what she was: weak, complicit, a woman who had sacrificed her dignity for the fleeting approval of a man who would never see her as more than a toy in their game.

Cayenne didn't need validation from anyone. She didn't need to explain herself. She had already said everything that needed to be said, in the loudest way possible. She wasn't going to let anyone, not Maple, not Habanero, not anyone, rewrite her story.

And so, the lines were drawn.

This wasn't just about dance anymore. It was about culture. About self-respect. About loyalty. And Cayenne would fight for all of it—no matter the cost. The storm had started, and it was no longer the beginning.

Vanilla forced-kissed Habanero when he danced with Maple, just like Peanuts force-kissed Habanero when he danced with Cayenne.

Vanilla put her hands on Cayenne at PhoBoGa X and pinned her arms down out of rage. Habanero had to take her off Cayenne.

Vanilla announced she was a couple with Habanero on Valentine's Day and she force-kissed Habanero when he danced with Maple but only one week after she announced they were a couple on Valentines Day 2024.

Things are aligning and there is a pattern here. Vanilla is calling the shots, she doesn't feel secure in her relationship with Habanero and he isn't posting them as a couple anywhere on his socials.

Maple was competing with Vanilla and Peanuts was competing with her too. Cayenne then realized they were all competing with her but she wasn't speaking to Habanero.

What does Habanero want? Why is he acting like this but still stuck on Cayenne?

What is going on?

To be continued . . .



DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

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**Chapter 6 final with footnotes & references**

1 message

**Allure Salsa** <alluresalsa@gmail.com>

Sun, Mar 2, 2025 at 1:28 AM

To: DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;, alluresalsa@gmail.com

Love After Enmity ?

February 2023

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Cayenne's phone vibrated on the table, the screen lighting up with a message from a dance friend informant. She hesitated before unlocking her phone, already having a feeling about what she was about to see. The screenshot loaded, and her eyes scanned over the latest marketing poster for Habanero's event.

Her breath caught.

There it was.

For the first time ever in the history of the Ottawa Latin dance scene, an Arabic Levant female dancer with an Arabic name was being featured in a birthday celebration at Habanero's event. The generic woman with long dark hair—a clear stand-in for Cayenne—was positioned front and center. Everyone else had been removed from the poster.

Cayenne exhaled sharply. It wasn't a coincidence.

For years, the Ottawa Latin dance scene had only highlighted the birthdays of Caucasian women. Men had been acknowledged, and in rare instances, a Black woman's birthday might make the cut. But never an Arab woman. Never someone like her.

Habanero was watching her. Even in erasure, he followed her every move.

It all started shifting when she began publicly posting about racism in the Ottawa Latin dance community, connecting it to the broader issue of racial discrimination in Canada's labor market. The recent revelations about the Ontario Human Rights Tribunal only added fuel to the fire—how they had been flagged by all of their Black employees for internal racism and exposed for dismissing 93% of racism applications. Fraud. Corruption. A system designed to fail racialized people.

And now, this.

Habanero, as much as he wanted to pretend he was above it all, was adjusting. Adapting. Even his proxies reflected that.

Cayenne's grip on her phone tightened. The whole thing reminded her of a conversation she had with him almost a year ago.

Her mind drifted back, and suddenly, she was there again—

It was a sunny winter day, but it didn't match how Cayenne was feeling. Zarafa, a tall older white female dancer, had targeted her on Zizi's Brazilian Zouk Dancing Chat Group. Cayenne had tagged Zizi, asking if he would accept \$25 to attend one of the workshops during his 3-day Brazilian Zouk Dancing Retreat Weekend. The weekend, which included various parties and workshops, was priced at \$100. Cayenne wanted to participate, but only for one workshop. The response from the white dancers was intense, especially Zarafa. Their reaction felt like the first instance of racism Cayenne had encountered. This was just a few months after Cayenne returned to the dance scene, following a few years off during the COVID pandemic.

Cayenne sat back in her chair, her laptop glowing in front of her. She let out a deep sigh, her phone ringing once again. It was Habanero, and it was a video call. She smiled before picking up.

"Hey," she greeted, feeling the tension of her thoughts start to fade.

"Hey, Cayenne. How are you holding up?" Habanero's voice was calm and warm, ready to offer support.

Cayenne hesitated for a moment, her mind still reeling from what had happened earlier in Zizi's Brazilian Zouk group chat.

"I'm okay. Thanks, Habanero," Cayenne said.

"I read everything on Zizi's Brazilian Zouk chat. If it helps, I can try to get you an apology," Habanero responded.

"Thanks for offering, but honestly, apologies mean something to me when I care about the person that hurt me. The white dancers, like Zarafa, just attacked me and spoke for Zizi and over Zizi. Because we are both racialized."

Habanero paused. He didn't fully pick up on this observation. "Wow... this is a different perspective that I never considered — racism."

"Don't worry about it. I will decrease my participation. I love the art form but I will focus on Bachata. I will go to Mood Salsa instead," Cayenne said.

Habanero smiled. Cayenne attended his socials but not his dance classes.

"On a brighter note," exclaimed Cayenne, "I got my DNA results. I am 37% Ancient Egyptian and only 3.9% Arab, with no Greek DNA at all."

Cayenne was trying to address concerns she had over her identity because what she was taught didn't line up with the historical record. Anytime she googled the history of Palestine, results always started from the 7th century with Arabic rule, and that didn't make sense because Palestine isn't an Arabic word, it is a Greek word. Cayenne assumed that she would have Greek ancestry to support how Palestine is a Greek word, and she can pass for Greek. Her last name and her appearance always got mistaken for everything but Arabic.

"I honestly expected Greek ancestry, but instead, I'm 37% Ancient Egyptian, which is more than any other concentration in my Palestinian DNA makeup." She paused. "What's even more confusing is that I don't have any modern-day Egyptian family."

Habanero leaned in, thinking for a moment. "Well, there's a simple explanation for that, actually. The Ancient Egyptians were heavily influenced by Greek culture, especially during the Ptolemaic period. Cleopatra, for instance, was of Greek descent, specifically from Macedonian Greeks who had ruled Egypt after Alexander the Great's conquest. Her family, the Ptolemies, were descendants of one of Alexander's generals, Ptolemy I Soter. The Greeks ruled Egypt for nearly 300 years, and Cleopatra herself was proud of her Macedonian heritage. Her bloodline was both Egyptian and Greek."

Cayenne's eyes widened in realization. "So you're saying that the Ancient Egyptians actually accepted Greek rulers as part of their ruling class? I never thought of it like that. It's funny because I've always associated Egypt with being solely African, but it was a melting pot of cultures over time."

"Exactly," Habanero replied.

As Habanero spoke, Cayenne opened another tab on her laptop. Her fingers quickly typed in "Gaza Ancient Egypt" into the search bar. A few results came up, but one in particular caught her attention: "125 Ancient Egyptian Graves Discovered in Gaza". The article mentioned a groundbreaking discovery in Jabalia, Gaza, where archaeologists had uncovered over 125 graves dating back to the Roman era. Among these graves were two intricately decorated LED sarcophagi.

She looked up at Habanero, her eyes wide. "Habanero, I just found something wild. In 2022, over 125 Ancient Egyptian graves were discovered in Gaza, in Jabalia. They were from the Roman era, and they even found two LED sarcophagi."

Habanero leaned in closer, intrigued. "Wow, that's incredible! It really shows how much Egypt influenced Gaza over time. It's all interconnected, from your DNA to these archaeological discoveries."

"Exactly!" Cayenne said, feeling a deep sense of connection to the land and the history she had never fully understood. "It's like everything is coming full circle."

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Footnotes:



1. "Cleopatra's Macedonian Greek descent" - <https://www.history.com/topics/ancient-history/cleopatra>
2. "2022 Discovery of 125 Ancient Egyptian Gravesites in Gaza" - <https://www.smithsonianmag.com/smart-news/archaeologists-uncover-125-ancient-egyptian-graves-in-gaza-180979704/>

#### References:

1. Genesis 12:1-3 - "The Lord said to Abram, 'Go from your country, your people and your father's household to the land I will show you. I will make you into a great nation, and I will bless you; I will make your name great, and you will be a blessing. I will bless those who bless you, and whoever curses you I will curse; and all peoples on earth will be blessed through you.'"

This is often considered the foundational covenant for the Israelites, wherein God promises to bless Abram and his descendants, establishing them as a chosen people. This promise provided the religious justification for the later conquest of Canaan, as it was seen as divinely ordained, giving the Israelites the right to take the land from the existing inhabitants, including the Canaanites.

2. Deuteronomy 20:16-18 - "However, in the cities of the nations the Lord your God is giving you as an inheritance, do not leave alive anything that breathes. Completely destroy them. The Hittites, Amorites, Canaanites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites, as the Lord your God has commanded you."

This command is often seen as part of the Israelites' divine mission to purify the land of Canaan by removing all its inhabitants, who were seen as idolatrous and sinful. The conquest of Canaan, therefore, was justified by the religious need to maintain purity and protect the Israelites from corrupting influences.

3. 1 Samuel 6:17 - "These are the gold tumors the Philistines sent as a guilt offering to the Lord—one for each of the Philistine rulers."

This passage highlights the ongoing conflict between the Israelites and the Philistines, who were associated with the Canaanites. The religious framework of these conflicts often framed the Philistines as enemies of Israel, whose defeat was necessary for the Israelites to secure the land promised to them by God. The religious ideology served to justify their dehumanization and displacement.

4. Deuteronomy 20:16-18 - "However, in the cities of the nations the Lord your God is giving you as an inheritance, do not leave alive anything that breathes. Completely destroy them."

In this directive, the Israelites are commanded to exterminate the Canaanites and their religious practices. This extreme measure was part of the broader religious ideology that sought to eliminate any foreign influence that could threaten the Israelites' adherence to their own faith. The extermination of Canaanite cities was seen not only as a military victory but as a divine command to secure the Israelites' religious purity and territorial control. This religious justification for violence and conquest facilitated the takeover of the Kingdom of Canaan and the establishment of Judea.

5. Joshua 6:21 - "They devoted the city to the Lord and destroyed with the sword every living thing in it—men and women, young and old, cattle, sheep and donkeys."

This is the aftermath of the fall of Jericho, another city within the Kingdom of Canaan. The total destruction of Jericho and its inhabitants was framed as a divine judgment for the city's idolatry and sinful ways. The act of destroying the city and its people was not only a military strategy but also a religious act that symbolized the Israelites' triumph over the Canaanite belief system, reinforcing their own religious identity. This was part of a broader narrative where the Israelites sought to purify the land by removing the influence of other deities and religious practices, thus facilitating the expansion of Judea on top of the Kingdom of Canaan.

6. Judges 1:19 - "The Lord was with the men of Judah. They took possession of the hill country, but they were unable to drive the people from the plains because they had chariots fitted with iron."

While the Israelites' conquest was often framed as divinely ordained, it was not always straightforward. Despite their religious justification, the Israelites faced practical challenges, including technological superiority from the Canaanites. This passage demonstrates the ongoing conflicts and resistance from the Canaanite populations even after the initial conquests, highlighting that the establishment of Judea was not immediate but required the suppression of the indigenous inhabitants, whom the Israelites sought to dehumanize to assert control.

7. 1 Kings 9:16 - "Pharaoh king of Egypt had attacked and captured Gezer. He had set it on fire, killed its Canaanite inhabitants, and given it as a wedding gift to his daughter, Solomon's wife."

This passage illustrates the interconnectedness of regional powers in the ancient world and how the conquest of Canaan was not only a religious war but also a geopolitical struggle. The destruction of Canaanite cities was a common practice among different empires, and the Israelites were no different in their efforts to claim and solidify their presence in the region. The religious narrative surrounding these conquests provided the ideological cover necessary to carry out such hostile takeovers.

8. Ezekiel 16:3 - "This is what the Sovereign Lord says to Jerusalem: Your ancestry and birth were in the land of the Canaanites; your father was an Amorite and your mother a Hittite."

This passage uses the metaphor of Jerusalem's "Canaanite" origins to explain the city's spiritual corruption and need for purification. The Israelites were often depicted as superior to the Canaanite nations, and their religious identity was used to justify the destruction of Canaanite cities and the displacement of their people.

9. Judges 3:5-6 - "The Israelites lived among the Canaanites, Hittites, Amorites, Perizzites, Hivites, and Jebusites. They took their daughters in marriage and gave their own daughters to their sons, and served their gods."

This verse highlights the cultural assimilation and the threat of losing religious purity that was feared by the Israelites.

10. 1 Samuel 15:2-3 - "This is what the Lord Almighty says: 'I will punish the Amalekites... Now go, attack the Amalekites and totally destroy all that belongs to them.'"



DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

## Chapter 7

1 message

Wed, Feb 5, 2025 at 1:38 PM

Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;

To: Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;, DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

Title: The Storm on the Dance Floor  
Chapter 7: Vanilla Ruling it All  
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Vanilla like Habanero sat at the bar, Habanero was admiring Cayenne dancing despite months of war and no contact. Habanero was focussing on needing to hate her while Vanilla, she wanted Cayenne to die.

Vanilla kept seeing flashbacks of her creeping of Cayenne at Mood Salsa. That night, the night Habanero placed his forehead on Cayenne's doesn't leave her mind because it was like their brains kissed. That night, Vanilla locked eyes with Peanuts who was staring them down too. Cayenne was Arab and she was beneath them. Vanilla planned to stage the seed for the complete separation between Habanero and Cayenne & needed racist Peanuts' white-privilege. Those white woman tears KitKat used to kill Baklava's thriving 17 year dance social. Baklava was almost at 20 years of arts service to Canadians. The tears to play victim, accuse Cayenne of homophobia & harassment banking on Arab hate for fake arrests was going to be the racist sham under development.

Peanuts tried this before with another white man that rejected her too. Candy and Kitkat helped her ruin his reputation like they will with Cayenne. They have a man-hate protocol & they were augmenting it for Arabic Cayenne. Cayenne was Arab so the best approach is banking on Arab hate especially in the existing political climate. Vanilla wanted to go all out with the racism. All that mattered was Habanero being her status symbol in the end, like a purse, so everyone would respect her when she clutched him for show.

For white Feminists, especially females, the world revolved around hating anyone they perceived as sexual competition while seeking sexual validation from any, and all, white men or successful racialized men even if they didn't desire them, they needed to be sexually desired by all men. Everything was transactional for them, and it was always about seeking a place amongst feminists whom are the most empowered demographic bullying everyone into their submission. These are Canada's gate keepers maintaining systemic & systematic racism by holding human resources hostage to ensure whites had over 80% of government jobs despite racialized Canadians comprising 48% of the Canadian population forecasted to exceed 50% by 2031. Canada's racism limited almost half of it's racialized population to only 20% of government jobs despite being almost half the population. White Canadians benefited at the cost of the best years of racialized Canadians' lives.

Vanilla's mind kept seeing Cayenne dance with Habanero and remembering how her eyes were fixed on Habanero and Cayenne as they danced—so graceful, so in tune with each other. It was never like that when she danced with Habanero.

That night, Habanero had promised Cayenne a dance earlier in the night, a quiet promise made between them, wrapped up in their intimate rhythm, and Vanilla had watched it unfold. Habanero never promised Vanilla any dance. She saw how Habanero & Cayenne moved together, the unspoken understanding between them that only the dance floor could hold.

The Bachata they danced was sensual that night, intimate—perfect for their bond—but to Vanilla, it was a reminder of everything she couldn't have. Vanilla knew she needed to fabricate it. She needed to create chaos and be the calm as Candy went to work on Habanero hating Cayenne.

Peanuts stood nearby, watching too, eyes full of something deeper than just curiosity. Vanilla had planted the seeds for this moment, but Peanuts had always been a willing accomplice, so easily manipulated by her cold, calculated words as the white feminist racist she was.

Peanuts, like Vanilla, was more interested in the game than the man himself. Habanero was a trophy, a symbol. The true goal wasn't love or affection—it was power. And as Peanuts glanced back at Vanilla, they exchanged a silent understanding.

Peanuts & Vanilla shared the experience of being rejected by Habanero, and they wanted to share it with Cayenne. They blamed Cayenne for existing & Habanero being pulled to her orbit.

Vanilla saw Peanuts asking Habanero to dance. He had refused, the words sharp and final. "I promised Cayenne," he had said, and it stung. Vanilla knew Peanuts wouldn't be able to stand that. It wasn't just the rejection itself, but what it symbolized. Habanero was looking forward to dancing with Cayenne, not with her. Not with Peanuts. Not with Vanilla. He was connected to something different, something that had nothing to do with the game they were all playing.

And so the plan began to take shape.

Peanuts had always been easy to manipulate, just like a puppet. Vanilla had known exactly what to whisper in her ear, how to guide her actions. "Disrupt their dance," she had said. "Make her feel what we feel. Make her lose her composure." It was a plan crafted out of spite and jealousy, fueled by Vanilla's deeper need for control. Peanuts was simply the tool to carry out her bidding.

The Salsa, a dance meant to connect two people on a level deeper than just the rhythm because it needed trust. They wanted to twist it. They wanted to intentionally disrespect Cayenne publicly by making it look like Peanuts was competing with Cayenne for Habanero. Cayenne wasn't dating Habanero and would never compete for a man. Cayenne was Arab. She was confident and had self respect. She would privately speak with him about it.

As Peanuts snuck up from behind Habanero and pressed a kiss to the back of his head, after suggestively caressing the back of his neck, completely ignoring Cayenne's presence and in the middle of the dance floor. Vanilla's plan went into action.

Vanilla wanted Peanuts to be a pervert and to do so by forcing herself into Cayenne's dance with Habanero. Vanilla wanted to make up for how hurt she felt that Habanero chose Cayenne over her for a dance that night at Mood Salsa. She wanted to harm Cayenne.

Vanilla and Candy knew how desperate this made Peanuts look and they didn't care. They wanted an angry Arab response by provoking public disrespect of Cayenne, while she danced, because this was sacred for her.

It was a calculated move, one that made everyone freeze, eyes turning toward the new drama unfolding.

Habanero was caught off guard, stunned for a moment, but his eyes—those eyes—evaded Cayenne's. He seemed torn, unable to process the chaos unfolding in front of him.

This was the plan, wasn't it? To fracture his connection with Cayenne, to make him see her as someone who would lash out, hopefully acting dangerous. But what was truly satisfying for Vanilla was watching the conflict in Habanero's eyes. His moment with Cayenne was slipping away, and in its place was a growing storm of confusion. Imagine what was going on in Cayenne's smart mind.

Peanuts is Habanero's student, and Vanilla's anonymous rumours needed to resurface so Cayenne can take the fall for them by using her platform to confirm them like a puppet. Vanilla wanted Cayenne to take the blame for her anonymous rumours defaming Habanero & to defame him thinking she was spreading the truth. Afterall, Vanilla was hoping Cayenne would spread them for her like she was defaming Habanero to cut Caramel off him & make him less desirable to women. Vanilla wanted him to see her & to think she was his support during this storm but he wouldn't know that she created it. But this didn't happen because Cayenne didn't see Habanero as a pervert.

Candy, Vanilla, Peanuts and some of their sisterhood dancers were all in on this too. All white except for their token protection : Vanilla.

Peanuts, as always, was easy to read. Her mind was working to put the pieces together as she waited, hopeful that the tension between Habanero and Cayenne would break. She wanted to see Cayenne react, to become the villain they had set her up to be.

But what neither of them had expected, what Vanilla hadn't anticipated, was Cayenne's response.

Cayenne didn't lash out. She didn't make a scene, didn't give them the satisfaction they were hoping for. She held her ground, her calmness only deepening Vanilla's frustration. Vanilla could see it in the way Habanero moved—he was slipping further away from the narrative she was trying to create, and closer to a reality that threatened everything she had been building.

However, that night, Cayenne looked at Habanero differently and assumed Peanuts was setting him up to fall for the anonymous rumours. Peanuts was smiling right after her pervert behaviour, like she accomplished her mission. It wasn't innocent. She left right after too.

Cayenne didn't believe that Habanero was a pervert. Habanero never touched her or taken advantage of her when he could have pretended for any accident to happen. Cayenne wanted to protect him by reporting the incident and demanding the surveillance footage from this social. Immediately, Cayenne felt that accessing the video surveillance

would prove that Habanero doesn't hit on his female students but his female students hit on him, publicly and without his consent from behind his head, while he cannot consent & while he was occupied dancing on the dance floor.

Cayenne took Peanuts' forced sexualized advance as a public act of disrespect because she is Arab as she has not done this to Habanero while dancing with him, or while he danced with anyone else. Peanuts asked Cayenne to third wheel her dance with Habanero four days earlier, at Mood Salsa after Habanero rejected her dance request.

Peanuts didn't respect Habanero's rejection and then went to Cayenne to force dance with him disrespecting Cayenne's sacred time on the dance floor. Peanuts knows that Latin dancing is a partner dance, and wanted to force her pervert mannerisms on to Cayenne and Habanero. Peanuts wanted attention and wasn't able to access any without being sexual, and latching on to respectful dancers to desicrate the art this was. Her Feminism was based on desperately needing public sexual validation by humiliation of others including herself. Cayenne wanted no association to any of this.

Habanero was more than just a man to Vanilla, Peanuts, Candy and their likes. He was the key to everything they wanted. His indifference was the final weapon Vanilla & Peanuts needed to completely reshape the world around Cayenne, a world where they needed to sleep their way to the top, to be on top, in control, able to manipulate everyone to their will.

Cayenne was different. Her energy, her presence—it was very feminine but not demure with elegance that wasn't sexual or desperate. It was a power where confidence moved her through certainty that neither Peanuts nor Vanilla could deny, or have without latching on to Habanero. And now, Vanilla realized that she needed to get control back. She needed to make sure Habanero saw Cayenne as a real threat because the more she watched, the more she saw the bond between Habanero and Cayenne grow. There was something undeniable between them—a connection that Vanilla could not touch, no matter how hard she tried. It was like Cayenne had no jealousy and even worse, it was like Cayenne wanted only what was real and this will not be possible with Vanilla around.

Vanilla wasn't ready to give up. Not yet. Not when everything had been set in motion.

And so she waited. She watched. Calculated.

Vanilla had one more trick up her sleeve. She wasn't just playing a game anymore—she was rewriting the rules. And she would do whatever it took to get Habanero in her grasp, to keep him from slipping away into Cayenne's arms. She had seen it too many times: the way men like him couldn't resist women like Cayenne. But Vanilla was smarter. She would outmaneuver them all.

In the end, she would be the one standing tall. The one in control. The one who ruled it all.



DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

## Chapter 8

1 message

Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;

Wed, Feb 5, 2025 at 6:21 PM

To: Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;, DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

Title: The Storm on the Dance Floor

Chapter 8 : Cayenne's thoughts during Habanero's Forced Kiss 🍷

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Cayenne moved to the rhythm on the dance floor, her body instinctively finding the beat, but her mind was scattered. Habanero's presence always pulled her into focus—his every move in sync with hers, like they were crafted for this moment. She felt his gaze linger on her through the chaos of the music, just as it always did.

Tonight should have been no different. Yet everything was wrong.

Peanuts' intrusion had shattered the flow. Her unwanted kiss pressed to the back of Habanero's head in the middle of their dance was a public act of disrespect—not just to Cayenne, but to the art of the dance itself. Cayenne had expected Habanero to react with disgust or, at the very least, distance himself from Peanuts' behavior. Instead, he'd brushed it off as if it were nothing, standing up for Peanuts when others questioned the appropriateness of her actions.

It stung.

Cayenne replayed the moment in her mind, searching for logic. Habanero, the man who had danced with her as though the universe existed solely for their rhythm, had downplayed what felt like an undeniable violation of trust and respect. Did he see it differently because Peanuts was white? Because Cayenne was Arab?

She hated thinking like this—hated how the world forced her to question whether race was a factor in every slight, every dismissal, every strange interaction. Habanero had seemed different, someone who moved beyond those tired dynamics. His eyes, his gestures, and the quiet promises between dances spoke of something deeper.

But now?

Cayenne's mind wrestled with doubt. Was Habanero just another player, charming his way through every woman who crossed his path? There were whispers of other women around him—Vanilla, Peanuts, even those who worked for him at Mood Salsa. Her social media app had flagged Habanero as a "fan," someone who engaged with her posts more than the average follower. But he wasn't the only one. Vanilla and a cluster of women surrounding him were flagged too. It was strange, unsettling.

What if she was just another name on his list, another conquest to stroke his ego?

Or was there something darker at play?

Blackmail. The thought crept into her mind, unwelcome but persistent. Was Habanero being manipulated? Forced to protect Peanuts despite her blatant disrespect? What kind of leverage could she or Vanilla possibly have over him? Cayenne's mind spun with possibilities—rumors, fabricated accusations, the kind of lies that could ruin a reputation in their tight-knit dance community.

And yet, none of this aligned with the man she'd come to know. Habanero, who had never once crossed a boundary with her, even when opportunity presented itself. He had always been respectful, careful, even when their dances grew intimate. That kind of restraint wasn't typical of a player.

But his defense of Peanuts made no sense.

Cayenne's instincts told her to protect him—to demand the surveillance footage from the social to clear his name if rumors arose. She knew Peanuts' behavior was calculated, designed to provoke a reaction from her. But Cayenne wouldn't give them that satisfaction.

Still, doubt lingered.

Was Habanero's sudden shift a sign that he was distancing himself from her because of her race? Was he protecting himself from some unseen threat? Or had she simply misread everything between them?

Cayenne hated the uncertainty. She valued truth, clarity, and respect. And right now, Habanero was a question mark she couldn't ignore.

As the night wore on, the music fading into echoes, Cayenne resolved one thing: she would find out the truth. Whether Habanero was a player, a man trapped by manipulation, or simply someone incapable of standing by her when it mattered most—she needed to know.

Because on this dance floor, trust was everything. And without it, there was no rhythm worth keeping.





DJLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

## Chapter 9

1 message

**Allure Salsa** <alluresalsa@gmail.com>

Sun, Feb 9, 2025 at 10:37 AM

To: Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;, DJLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

Title: The Storm on the Dance Floor  
Chapter 9: The Storm at PhoBoGa X  
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Cayenne walked into PhoBoGa X, her heart beating harder with every step. The restaurant, usually warm and comforting, felt heavy and tense. Tonight wasn't about good food or laughs — it was a meeting Habanero had called, one Cayenne had a bad feeling about.

Candy sat calmly to the left of Cayenne, her sweet demeanor masking something sharper. Across from Cayenne was Vanilla, stiff and seething. Next to Vanilla was Cheeks, lounging with that smug grin she always wore, like she knew a secret no one else did.

At the head of the table sat Habanero, looking as if he'd rather be anywhere else & he pressed record on his phone.

Habanero handpicked every woman here, though Cayenne hadn't realized how deep the dynamics ran. He was recording their conversation in front of her but didn't ask for permission. Cayenne took note. Cayenne realized that she had to record all of their conversations after this meeting too. She just didn't know why, yet.

Candy was playing both sides and pretended to be neutral. Vanilla had feelings for him but Cayenne didn't know yet. Cheeks was Peanuts' closest friend. And Peanuts? She was at the center of all this chaos.

The meeting started with forced politeness, but it quickly spiraled.

"We just want to know who else noticed... what happened," Candy said sweetly, her voice almost too soft. "Talking about this could easily become slander, you know."

"The truth isn't slander," Cayenne fired back. "I sent you the surveillance footage. Everyone saw it. Peanuts forced herself on Habanero. That's not slander — it's a fact."

Cheeks shrugged, grinning. "People dance close all the time. It's just part of the scene."

Cayenne's voice sharpened. "I was the one dancing; she forced herself into our dance. This wasn't the first time. She did that on Sept 12th too. Habanero rejected her dance request & explained he was dancing with me. Peanuts came to me & asked me to let her third wheel our dance. I said no. Peanuts forced it on Sept 16. This is why we are here. She waited until his back was turned dancing with me to take advantage of him. She watched to pounce while his guard was down. I want her to stop forcing herself on me & my dances. Peanuts pressed her entire body on me when she led me. She is a bisexual. I don't want her to kiss me or feel me up too. She watched us, when his back was turned facing me & holding both of my hands to lead me, she ran up from behind him so I can see her and pressed her hands caressing the back of his neck, and kissed him from behind. He couldn't consent—he couldn't even see her coming. He was dancing with me, in the middle of the dance floor. That's not just dancing. It was calculated. If any man did that, he would be arrested for sexual assault."

Candy tilted her head, as if diagnosing Cayenne with some mental condition. "Are you sure you're not just stressed or misinterpreting things?"

Cayenne's stomach twisted. Was she gaslighting her?

"There's a surveillance video," Cayenne said firmly. "I sent it to Habanero and you. It's clear as day."

"You're dangerous," Habanero muttered, clearly searching for words.

Cayenne blinked. "You're recording this because it's serious," she reminded him, her voice steady.

But Habanero shifted in his chair, suddenly unsure. "I don't really remember all the details. I don't even remember her kissing me. We're just friends."

Cayenne narrowed her eyes. "I saw your face. You were shocked even frozen, and you didn't reciprocate by kissing her back."

Silence wrapped around the room until Candy spoke again, her voice sharpening. "Do you think it's healthy to dwell on this? Maybe you're projecting something deeper."

"I don't need therapy to know what I saw," Cayenne said, refusing to flinch. "And you're supposed to be neutral."

Candy's mask slipped, her expression hardening. "Who else have you told?"

The question hung in the air, thick with entitlement Cayenne knew too well, when racism showed its ugly head. Candy was fishing for names—trying to find witnesses they could target, just as they were targeting Cayenne now.

Vanilla, who had been simmering in silence, suddenly exploded. She stood up and lunged, grabbing Cayenne's hands and slamming them onto the table between them.

"You don't understand!" Vanilla hissed.

Cayenne froze, stunned by the physical attack, she remained seated & silent. Habanero pulled her hands off Cayenne, and was frustrated with Vanilla and Cheeks.

"Vanilla!" Habanero pulled her back, his voice sharp. "She's entitled to her feelings."

The room fell into a suffocating silence. Habanero's eyes flicked between the women. "I brought you here to help me," he muttered bitterly to Vanilla and Cheeks.

Help him? With what? Cayenne wondered silently.

"You are being defensive," barked Candy, "let us take a break and resume again".

"I am seated and calm Candy. If you need a break, go and take one yourself," Cayenne articulated. Cayenne hated it when white ravists projected their feelings on to her. This always happens when white racists gang up in groups & refuse to hear her. They talk big about values and don't practice them. They did not bring Cayenne here to discuss her concerns. They were trying to entrap her with creating a narrative they wanted to record with witnesses. They wanted Cayenne to change her testimony & to let them scare her into being gaslit. Candy was there to pressure Cayenne as a Psychotherapist. Candy wanted Habanero to record her falsely describing Cayenne as the opposite of what she is: calm, seated & frozen under their group attacks.

Candy was falsely describing Cayenne as needing a break for the recording to set the stage for their narrative supporting their claims of Cayenne being crazy. Habanero didn't enunciate asking Vanilla to take her hands off Cayenne. He did not want it on the recording. They create the lie then stage it to capture evidence to use in the filing of false police reports that go hand in hand with their organized rumour campaigns.

The interrogation dragged on, Candy and Habanero insisting that talking about Peanuts' behavior was slander. They wanted Cayenne to question what she knew, to believe that Peanuts' actions were normal.

Then came the final blow. Habanero looked directly at Cayenne, his tone cold.

"At Mood Salsa, we cannot accommodate other cultures."

The words sliced through her. He had drawn a line between her, an Arab woman, and Peanuts, who was white. Peanuts could act out without consequence. But Cayenne? She would always be an outsider to these people, and they needed her to know her lesser place like how Vanilla knew hers.

Cayenne stood up, her voice steady despite the ache in her chest. "Are we done here?"

"Yes," Habanero said flatly.

Cayenne walked out, hyper-aware of the weight of their stares. This wasn't just about jealousy or dancing. This was about race, power, and something they needed silenced. Was Habanero taking advantage of Peanuts? Why was he defending Peanuts being disrespectful to him and Cayenne? Was he blackmailed?

Cayenne ignored them both, moving with fierce grace. Vanilla's eyes burned with jealousy and resentment. She had become everything Candy and KitKat had been — manipulative, cruel, and desperate for control.

But Cayenne was done with them. She will not bend to their games. This was her story, and no one will speak for her or over her.

In the months that followed, Cayenne launched Arab Latino Nights, pouring herself into her passion for dance. But they weren't done with her. And, she was ready.

This was about her existence & freedom to be the same level of Canadian. They needed to adjust to her existence as a Canadian, equal human, dancer, female & entrepreneur.

Peanuts acted like Cayenne wasn't dancing with Habanero, which was intentional. She acted like a predator on the dance floor. This was about dominance & control over Habanero as well as Cayenne.

She wanted to erase Cayenne & wanted Cayenne to see her disgusting forced suggestive touching & kiss. Peanuts was intentional about running from behind Habanero to take advantage of his inability to consent to her forced sexual advance. Peanuts wanted Cayenne to see her be a pervert like it is okay ! Peanuts wanted to provoke Cayenne hoping for an opportunity to file harassment charges. Peanuts was replete with hate and overcome by jealousy. Cayenne is magnetic & she wanted her to be the opposite of magnetic. She wanted to repel everyone away from her.

Four days earlier, Peanuts got rejected by Habanero for a dance request. He told her he was dancing with Cayenne. Peanuts didn't respect this & tried to force herself in the same dance by asking Cayenne to override Habanero's rejection while allowing her to third wheel herself into Habanero's dance with Cayenne. Cayenne said no. Peanuts' entitlement, her creepy smile & unwarranted touching made Cayenne very uncomfortable. Latin dancing is a partner dance & this was sacred for Cayenne. Peanuts scared Cayenne with her predatory behaviours & she felt unsafe. Peanuts' body was larger than Cayenne's, and earlier during the same evening, Peanuts pressed her entire body on Cayenne while leading her in a dance. She was a pervert.

Cayenne knew it was deliberate. She knew Vanilla was involved because of how she assaulted her in front of Habanero. Vanilla was frustrated that her plan to dehumanize Cayenne didn't work. And worse off, Habanero would think of Cayenne every day from this day forward which messed everything up for Vanilla.

Vanilla will now have to deal with Cayenne living inside of Habanero's mind and this will bring out the worst in her ...



DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

## Chapter 10

1 message

Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;

Tue, Feb 11, 2025 at 6:35 AM

To: Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;, DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

Title: The Storm on the Dancefloor  
 Chapter 10: Four Steps Ahead  
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December 29, 2024. Cayenne entered the event hall with confidence but remained cautious. She had done everything by the book—messaging the racialized funder in advance to confirm she was welcome, securing his written response, and paying for her ticket. Her name was on the guest list, clear as day.

The racialized funder had greeted her warmly at the entrance, even hugging her. Everything appeared normal until Vanilla spotted Cayenne and physically approached her with a creepy smile. This was near the front.

That smile.

It wasn't just sinister; it was burned into Cayenne's mind. The same unsettling, creepy grin Peanuts had worn after force-kissing Habanero from behind months earlier. That smug, gleeful expression—the look of someone who had just pulled off something twisted and knew it. Seeing it again on Vanilla's face now made Cayenne's stomach turn.

Vanilla's eyes gleamed with satisfaction, as though Cayenne's presence had set the wheels of her next plot into motion. The unsettling déjà vu sent a chill through Cayenne, but she steadied herself. Vanilla thought she was always 2 steps ahead. She used white women as a cover for her hate & jealousy of Cayenne. Vanilla understood racism as a black human living in Canada. She knew that getting ahead in life for her meant using racism to her advantage. She needed Habanero for a life upgrade. Vanilla was determined to have his baby. It didn't matter who she needed to hurt or harm.

Within minutes, Vanilla moved into action. Habanero, advertised as the DJ for the event but now revealed by the funder to be a co-organizer, suddenly froze. His posture stiffened as Vanilla whispered instructions to him. He couldn't meet Cayenne's eyes, much less ask her to leave himself. His discomfort was obvious.

Despite his position as co-organizer, Habanero didn't have the authority to remove Cayenne because he hadn't rented the hall. Instead, he retreated to the funder, who reluctantly approached Cayenne after a conversation with Habanero.

The funder's tone was apologetic but firm. Cayenne understood immediately—this wasn't his decision. This was Vanilla's work. What did she have on Habanero? Was Habanero in charge or did he take directives from Vanilla now?

And then Cayenne saw it—Vanilla's phone raised, camera aimed directly at her, recording without consent. Nearby, Sesame, the latest pawn replacing Peanuts, mimicked Vanilla's actions, capturing everything on video.

It was all so deliberate. Vanilla had orchestrated this moment, setting Cayenne up to react so they could twist the footage against her later. The realization hit hard: Vanilla was behind everything, working hand-in-hand with KitKat and Candy to secure Habanero through blackmail. She used white women as pawns—first Peanuts, now Sesame. Or was she working with KitKat & Candy to secure Habanero because of blackmail Peanuts had on Habanero?

Cayenne had flash backs to the events of September 21, 2023. Habanero was afraid of something, standing up for Peanuts' disrespectful behavior.

But Cayenne wasn't about to play into their hands. Her mind raced for a way out. There was only one solution: make her exit loud and clear. Cayenne needed the surveillance video & these women's videos to capture her announcing her departure. Cayenne knew this hate was easier for these women because she is an Arabic Canadian. They dehumanized her and it still hurt. Cayenne didn't find it easier to live with hate or to live without dancing.

Cayenne straightened her shoulders, lifted her voice, and spoke with authority, ensuring the entire room could hear. "Excuse-me, I'm leaving now because I'm being recorded without my consent because I am Arab".

The announcement echoed across the room. Cayenne's departure was now on record, captured by the very people trying to set her up. There would be no twisting this narrative. She had nothing to hide—she was a confirmed guest, paid attendee, and had the written exchange with the funder to prove it.

As she walked out, Cayenne knew surveillance would back her up. The hug, the payment, the confirmation—all of it was documented. There was nothing illegal about showing up to an event she was invited to attend in writing.

But the smile—Vanilla's grin, identical to Peanuts' after that forced-kiss—stayed lodged in Cayenne's mind. It was confirmation that Vanilla was more than a willing accomplice, she was a mastermind, orchestrating every move with KitKat and Candy, using white-women like Sesame as tools. And that eerie smile would be a reminder that Cayenne always had to stay four steps ahead.



DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

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**Chapter 18**

1 message

**Allure Salsa** <alluresalsa@gmail.com>

Thu, Feb 20, 2025 at 10:01 PM

To: Allure Salsa &lt;alluresalsa@gmail.com&gt;, DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

The Storm on the Dancefloor  
Chapter 18: Delete Her  
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In the silence of her room, Cayenne found herself staring at the deletion notice from Instagram, the words blurring as her emotions collided. Betrayal hurt, but it was the repetition of it that saddened her more. It wasn't just Habanero's actions. It was the reality of what their connection had become. She had once believed in him. She had believed that there was something worth salvaging. But now, each attack he orchestrated felt like an attack on her very existence and everything that she was building. He wanted to delete her from the Internet as well as Latin Dance, and this hurt.

Cayenne had never seen this level of desperation before. "Posh Salsa." The words flickered on her screen as Habanero and his employees gathered, systematically flagging her Instagram account. On the very night she should have been celebrating her debut success, instead of triumph, she was forced to face this—another obstacle thrown in her way by someone she had once called a friend. But even as the notification came through that her account was under threat of deletion, Cayenne wasn't shaken.

But as she sat there, the question lingered. When will this be over? Was Habanero ever going to stop? And how far is he going to go with this? Was Habanero inciting hatred toward Cayenne? Did she need to speak to the police again? Everything that had happened since December 29, 2024, with Vanilla, Habanero, and Zizi, with Zizi being a compromised racialized coward, and then again recently during the same week of Cayenne's debut with another racialized coward, Kiki, also working with Habanero. It was as if Habanero had been in control all along, using all of the feminists—KitKat, Candy, and Vanilla—at the same time they were trying to use him. And now, it appeared he was becoming the face of his own hate campaign against her.

Her mind raced as she considered the implications. Could she really be under attack by someone she had once trusted? Had Habanero truly sunk this low? She couldn't deny the weight of it all, but she wasn't about to let him control her, or prevent her from growing her dream.

As painful as this attack was from Habanero, she had learned to always be four steps ahead. The entire time, she had been using a backup account for Posh Salsa because she was waiting for his next attack. And in the event that her account got deleted, she would be able to move her followers to her other account. It still hurt, though. The thought of having to fight this battle again. She had worked so hard for this, and now, it felt like everything was being torn away from her. But Cayenne decided that she was going to be honest with her clients and her followers. She would disclose publicly on her Posh Salsa account that she was under threat of deletion. She received the message from Instagram, and while she did escalate the issue to Instagram, in the event that her account was deleted, she wanted to make sure they all were following her on her other account. She paid for a marketing campaign to push this notification, and it received a lot of views. Both of her accounts' viewership went up, more people started following both accounts, and she hadn't been deleted. Maybe, just maybe, she survived another attack from Habanero.

However, the question lingered—was this over? Was Habanero going to stop? Could she trust that this was the last attack, or was there more to come? She couldn't help but wonder how far he would go. Would he continue to incite hatred toward her? Was there more that she needed to uncover?

She wasn't sure what to do next, but she had learned one thing—she wasn't going to let him control her. Not now, not ever.



DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

## Final chapter 22

1 message

DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>  
 To: DjLexiMusic&Dance <djleximusic@gmail.com>

Sun, Mar 23, 2025 at 7:04 PM

Love After Enmity ?

Chapter 22: What If God Was a Gazan Palestinian Woman?

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What if the Kingdom of Canaan had never been genocided? What if Palestine had been allowed to live—not in exile or under occupation, but in freedom, sovereignty, and continuity? What if ancient Palestinian civilization had never been ruptured, erased, or shamed for the power it once carried? What language would Palestinians be speaking today? What rights would Palestinian women hold—not borrowed from Western feminism, but inherited from their own ancestral lineage, from a time when women were goddesses, not defined by others' limited views?

What if religious textbooks weren't taken as fundamental fact unless corroborated by evidence such as other religious books or archaeological discoveries from different nations? This approach would ensure we don't blindly accept beliefs as universal truths without examining them critically against historical context. Imagine a world where this kind of critical thinking was a norm, instead of religious doctrines being passed down as absolute law.

A clear example is Gaza, historically part of the Kingdom of Canaan, as mentioned in the Old Testament. The people of Gaza, far removed from the Abrahamic influences, are often depicted in a way that might make us forget how advanced their cultures were long before these religious texts were written. Just like the Canaanite civilization, their heritage had intricacies that might be considered progressive today—structured societies that thrived without the need for external ideologies like feminism. Their focus on gods and goddesses revealed a culture centered around both reverence for deities and respect for human dignity.

Imagine if these cultures' values had been preserved without being overshadowed by later religious movements, which came with their own set of rules, perhaps based more on power dynamics than on inherent truths. Could the world have evolved in a more equal, cooperative way? What if these pre-Abrahamic societies—thriving long before these texts came into being—were more representative of humanity's natural state of respect and unity?

In the ancient Kingdom of Canaan, women were deities. Goddesses like Asherah, Anat, and Astarte stood at the center of public life and private spirituality. Asherah was the mother goddess, often depicted alongside trees, signifying life, nurturing, and generational continuity. Anat was the fierce warrior goddess—both sensual and powerful—who protected her people in battle and was revered for her independence. Astarte, goddess of fertility and love, presided over ceremonies that honored female desire and reproductive power, not as taboo, but as divine.

These goddesses were later vilified in the Old Testament. Asherah was labeled an abomination, her sacred groves destroyed. Astarte was renamed and ridiculed as a false idol. Anat was forgotten entirely. Why? Because the Abrahamic religions that followed could not tolerate the vision of women as creators of life, owners of land, leaders of homes, or architects of spirituality. The patriarchy needed to erase them to solidify its own mythology.



But in Canaan, the feminine was not erased. It was honored.

The Kingdom of Canaan held both patriarchal and matriarchal features—but it carved a space for women's autonomy that was unmatched for its time. Women married, worked, and generated wealth. Their inheritance passed not just through their husbands but through their own bloodlines. In fact, marriage contracts often protected a woman's right to retain her wealth after marriage—a radical concept compared to the later religious laws that stripped women of ownership entirely.

Now, let's turn our attention to Gaza's historical context during these periods. Gaza was a highly coveted region because of its strategic location along the eastern Mediterranean coast. During the period of the Kingdom of Canaan (c. 1800 BCE to 1200 BCE), Gaza was often under the influence or control of the Canaanite people, who were present in the region long before the rise of the Israelite or Judean states. The Egyptians, during the New Kingdom period (c. 1550 BCE to 1077 BCE), frequently occupied Gaza as part of their broader imperial ambitions. Egypt maintained control over Gaza as a key trading hub and military outpost, and its influence extended deep into Canaanite territories, including Gaza itself.

In contrast, the Kingdom of Judea, which was established later (around the 10th century BCE), never successfully managed to hold Gaza in the way that the Canaanites or Egyptians did. The Israelites, and later the Judeans, struggled to maintain control over Gaza, and it was never truly part of their empire. In fact, during the time of the Kingdom of Judea (around 931 BCE to 586 BCE), Gaza remained outside their direct control, often falling into the hands of Egyptian or Philistine rulers.

Now, The Goddess of Music, also an essential part of ancient Canaanite spirituality, deserves attention. She was celebrated as the divine embodiment of rhythm, melody, and harmony. In both ancient Egyptian and Canaanite cultures, the goddess Hathor was revered as the goddess of music, dance, and joy. Hathor was associated with the sun, love, fertility, and the arts. Music, dance, and celebration were seen as sacred acts, channeling divine energy into the lives of the people. Her influence spanned rituals, celebrations, and daily life, her music woven into the fabric of the people's very existence. Her hymns and chants were believed to have the power to heal, to unify, and to elevate the soul.

This goddess, long forgotten by patriarchal religions, was a reminder that creation and expression are inseparable from the divine, that every note, every instrument, every performance could touch the infinite. Music was not only for worship but for empowerment, for the arts were recognized as sacred acts that could transform society and spirit alike.

Cleopatra, a powerful Egyptian queen, was a queen in her own right. She did not need to sleep with a king to become a queen. She loved and had love affairs with two Roman kings: Julius Caesar and Marc Antony. Cleopatra's power, influence, and intelligence were undeniable. Her political acumen and romantic relationships were not the crux of her power; rather, it was her unmatched ability to assert her sovereignty and navigate the complex world of politics that defined her. Cleopatra's legacy represents the epitome of feminine strength and self-determination—a legacy rooted in the understanding that women could rule as equals, without needing to cede control to a man.

And this legacy echoes in Cayenne, a Gazan-born Palestinian-Canadian artist and dancer. Cayenne seeks to disrupt the nightlife industry by normalizing modern Arabic culture—an expression that encapsulates the very essence of ancient Canaanite and Egyptian religious experiences. As she pushes back against the colonialism and racism embedded in the entertainment industry, she positions herself not just as an artist, but as the queen of her own life and narrative. Like Cleopatra, Cayenne does not need the approval of any king to define her place in the world. She is empowered by her heritage, her art, and the people who support her. She reasserts herself as an equal Gazan-Palestinian-Canadian, standing firm in her roots and her heritage.

What if God was a Gazan Palestinian woman? In ancient Canaan and ancient Egypt, the ancestors of Gazan women today were queens and goddesses, and still can be because it is engineered into their DNA.



DjLexiMusic&amp;Dance &lt;djleximusic@gmail.com&gt;

**Chapter 18 official**

1 message

**Lexa B** <misslexa888@gmail.com>  
 To: djleximusic@gmail.com, alluresalsa@gmail.com

Sun, Mar 16, 2025 at 1:12 PM

Love After Enmity, ?  
 Chapter 18 :She's Hunting, Not Dancing  
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Vanilla isn't "glowing up." She's scrambling for relevance. Trying to salvage an identity that was never truly hers. It's not empowerment; it's damage control. Every move she makes—from changing her appearance to dancing more openly with other men and filming it for her socials—is an attempt to control a narrative she lost long ago.

Everything she's doing now isn't transformation. It's unraveling. She's trying to remain visible, marketable, desirable—but it's reactive, not magnetic. She's not creating something new; she's clinging to an image she can't maintain.

Because deep down, she knows she was never loved. Not by Habanero, not by the scene, not even by herself. To exist, Vanilla engaged in a war of erasure and image distortion disguised as social surveillance. She wasn't dancing; she was hunting.

Vanilla is a condom persona. Now that she's been discarded by Habanero, she scrambles to stitch together a fabricated narrative, latching onto any man who gets regular attention in the dance world. No one matches Habanero's status. Everyone else is a downgrade. This was her only option—cling to whatever scraps she could get before being erased completely. She made too many enemies, and everyone knew she was just a token, offering herself out of self-hate and glamorization of white supremacy.

Vanilla studied individuals with white-passing features—who get photographed, recorded dancing with others, and generate buzz in multiple scenes. She identified her next target - a racialized man with a proximity to whiteness who happens to be a dance friend of Cayenne's. He gets lots of attention dancing out of Ottawa and Toronto, she has inserted herself dancing with him. Almost like she is announcing she has been dumped. She is performative. What she doesn't have, what she'll never have, is Habanero's true affection because she doesn't love, she uses and destroys. And that's what's tearing her apart. Habanero caught on, he didn't wait for her to betray him.

She's trying to live a life she can't sustain—trying to prove she's wanted, even though she never understood how to form something real. It's not just the lack of affection; it's the absence of the image she thought she had earned.

Even after everything she's done, there's no trace of love in Habanero's social feeds. No couple shots, no public gestures of affection. Just performance. Just posturing. He made sure of it.

The only photo Habanero has kept publicly—even after two years of chaos, gossip, and third-party interference—is the one with Cayenne. At Mood Salsa. His arm wrapped across her shoulders, close, familiar. His face is lit up with a smile wider than anything he's ever posted. And that photo remains visible to his family, on his professional accounts. It's not just a photo—it's a silent confession. A watermark of love.

It's not just the smile. It's the gesture. That same arm wrapped across her shoulders? It's not performative. It's habitual care. He's done that with Caramel—in photos that still exist on his personal socials. He did the same gesture again at Vanilla's birthday party in the summer of 2023, where he was the only man invited—but he was there with Caramel. And still, he never did that with Vanilla. Not once.

That gesture? It's his way of saying, "I care." It's quiet, predictable. And if he did it with both Caramel and Cayenne but never with Vanilla, it speaks volumes. But unlike Caramel, whom he left easily, he could never walk away from Cayenne—emotionally. That difference matters.

Meanwhile, even on Valentine's Day—while Cayenne hosted a wildly successful event that outshone every other social that night—Vanilla was scrambling again. Trying to create couple optics without a couple. Habanero didn't play along. No

physical touching, no hand-holding, no intimacy. Just discreet photos posted days later that could easily be framed as workplace content. She knows it. Everyone knows it.

Vanilla is unraveling because she can't be Cayenne. She doesn't understand what makes someone truly loved. Cayenne didn't need cameras. She had presence. She didn't need optics. She had magnetism. She simply was.

And that's why Habanero never stopped thinking about her. Even through the hatred. Even through the third-party attacks. Even when he let people rewrite her name with poison in their mouths—she never left his mind.

But there's something deeper now: his untreated Borderline Personality Disorder. The black-and-white thinking. The intense love followed by intense hate. The emotional whiplash that makes him crave proximity but fear it at the same time. Cayenne, though, she sees gray. She always did. That's what made her trustworthy—her ability to hold duality, to understand nuance. That's what made him reassess everything Vanilla ever did, because he believed Cayenne's truth first.

It's why he started slowly easing Vanilla out—he no longer saw her as safe. He saw her betrayal. He saw her manipulation. He remembered what she did back in November 2022, when she started spreading anonymous rumors to destabilize him, hoping to present herself as a valuable partner in his life. At that time, Habanero didn't suspect her involvement—he couldn't see it. But now, after reading Cayenne's posts, especially those in her novel, he believes it's true. He finally understood that it wasn't just about his reputation or their relationship; it was about Vanilla's desperate need to control the narrative.

To protect himself, Habanero began breadcrumbing Vanilla, slowly pulling away by not tagging her in posts as his employee. He was making it clear that the relationship was ending - especially her free riding on his earned influence. Vanilla, she is trying to find a replacement before Habanero could break up with her because he has in his heart. She is looking for new supply. Male dancers with visibility are all new targets.

Vanilla is desperate to align herself with someone who got attention, anyone. It was clear that Vanilla sensed her days with Habanero are numbered—she was no longer the one in control. The videos she had, her constant surveillance of others, and her attempts to mimic Cayenne's optics all pointed to her desperation. She was a liability, and deep down, Habanero knew that her jealousy and possessiveness would only escalate.

What he didn't realize until later, though, was the extent of Vanilla's stalking and harassment. The footage she recorded of Cayenne without her consent on December 29, 2024, was just the latest in a long history of problematic behavior. Habanero now understood that if she could harass Cayenne this way, she had done much worse to him without his knowledge—he had experienced it firsthand when Cayenne opened his eyes with the weaponization of his axe throwing, and how Vanilla enjoyed and recorded herself laughing at him. This included berating him in front of others. They have reported this to Cayenne.

Vanilla is dangerous. She had physically assaulted Cayenne in the past, and she forced kissed Habanero (like Peanuts did) when he danced with another Arabic Levant woman - Maple. It was only a matter of time before she did something even worse, either to him or anyone else in the scene who dared to capture his attention. Maybe even at Mood Salsa...

What made matters even worse was that Vanilla had been working with Candy, and both of them decided to recruit Peanuts. Together, they had orchestrated a plan to re-enact the rumors Vanilla had anonymously spread—using surveillance footage at Studio Y to provoke Cayenne while she was dancing with Habanero. They were hoping to get Cayenne mad, and then to have Peanuts use her white tears and falsely allege that Cayenne physically assaulted Peanuts. It was a setup—calculated and cruel. It wasn't just gossip—it was deliberate psychological warfare disguised as social surveillance based on white supremacy and condom personalities desperately trying to maintain any proximity to power.

They wanted Cayenne to react, to explode, so they could use it against her—to validate the angry Arab, the dangerous Arab stereotype. They failed.

Even the birthday parties told the truth. Vanilla and Riri were both textbook condom personas—racialized Canadians who built fake images through orchestrated performances in harming other racialized Canadians. They use racist white-women's presence as props to offer themselves as condom personas to a white Canadian human in a position of power offering their face as a cover for racism.

Vanilla's birthday had been staged by Candy to give her an image of desirability she didn't naturally command. Habanero had been the only man invited, but he hadn't come alone—he came with Caramel, his girlfriend at the time. Candy, the leader of the Latin Feminist Sisterhood, organized this for Vanilla as a publicity stunt. Just like Riri organized his Birthday as a publicity stunt also following the same condom persona markers: lots of white women, no Cayenne, Habanero as the only man invited to parade around online, and to signal to the world that the racialized condom persona in question—was

'in.' In reality, they announced their disloyalty, self-loathing, and proximity to becoming social trash after their usage expired.

Riri did the same thing earlier during the same summer of 2023. Riri is a wealthy man, and his birthday party was a replica—inviting all the women from Mood Salsa except Cayenne. And once again, the only man invited was Habanero. Riri posted this on his socials like it was proof of his status. He didn't see the strings being pulled behind the scenes, though. He didn't realize that it was all for the optics—an attempt to keep up appearances. All while secretly erasing the only people who truly challenged the status quo, the only ones who spoke truths others feared to hear.

Habanero was caught between the manipulations, though he didn't fully see it at the time. He was too busy pretending everything was fine, too busy surrounding himself with people who didn't challenge him, who fed his ego. He kept thinking that he could use these relationships—these temporary alliances—to hold on to power. What he didn't see was that they were all using him too.

Vanilla. Riri. Candy. Peanuts. They all had their own games to play, and the longer Habanero stayed blind to it, the more he was going to lose.

In the end, it was clear that the game was never about dance, about status, or about love—it was always about control. Everyone was playing to secure their piece of the scene. But the true cost of this game was the relationships that would be torn apart, the hearts that would be broken, and the people who would ultimately find themselves standing alone in the mess of their own creation.

And as for Cayenne? She would walk away from it all—not because she wasn't affected by the manipulation, the rumors, and the betrayal—but because she knew she was worth more than any of their games. She was no one's token. No one's object. She didn't need their approval, their validation, or their petty schemes. Her heart wasn't for sale. She was a storm on the dancefloor, untouchable, and no one would ever erase that truth.

No matter how much they tried.

In the end, the storm was never about the dancefloor. It was about self-respect. It was about power. And Cayenne knew that she would rise from the ashes they created, stronger and more real than anyone who thought they could control her.

They had tried to break her—but they underestimated her strength. The real storm had only just begun.



Lexa B &lt;misslexa888@gmail.com&gt;

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**Ottawa Police Service Record Check**

1 message

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**opsbkguser@ottawapolice.ca** <opsbkguser@ottawapolice.ca>  
To: misslexa888@gmail.com

Mon, Dec 2, 2024 at 2:07 PM

Hello ,

Please find attached, the results of your VULNERABLE SECTOR CHECK which was requested on 2024-12-02. Your Record Check results are being returned to you via e-mail as you originally requested.

Please note, there is a Digital Signature located inside the Record Check file (.PDF) which authenticates the Record Check file as Original. This digital signature is only accessible if the Record Check is kept in electronic format. Printing/changing the file extension type will void this Digital Signature.

In order to view the attached Record Check properly, please ensure you are opening this email on a desktop/laptop with Adobe Acrobat installed only.

If you do not have Acrobat, you may download it from: <https://get.adobe.com/reader/>.

Already have Acrobat installed on your desktop/laptop? Please ensure it is up to date. If not, you may update your Acrobat from: <https://helpx.adobe.com/ca/acrobat/using/trusted-identities.html>


How Record Check results may be confirmed as authentic: <https://www.ottawapolice.ca/en/reports-and-requests/common-questions.aspx#How-do-I-determine-if-the-Records-Check-Ive-received-is-completed-and-authentic>.

Thank you,

Background Clearance Section  
Ottawa Police Service

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## RESULTS FOR POLICE RECORD CHECK LEVEL 3-VULNERABLE SECTOR CHECK (Sec. 1-3)

ALEXA BASEESO  
19 KEDGEWICK COURT  
NEPEAN, ONTARIO  
K2G 4M9

DATE OF REQUEST: 2024-12-02  
REQUEST NUMBER: 2024-15588380  
DATE OF BIRTH: 1983-05-25  
REQUESTING AGENCY: UBER

**NOTE: The Youth Criminal Justice Act (YCJA) restricts individuals from sharing records made under that Act. Findings of guilt and other dispositions under the YCJA may not be reported on this response.**

### SECTION 1: RESULTS FOR RCMP NATIONAL REPOSITORY CRIMINAL RECORD CHECK

<input type="radio"/>	<b>INCOMPLETE</b>	Based solely on the name(s) and/or the date of birth provided, a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records could NOT be completed. Positive identification that a criminal record does or does not exist requires the applicant to SUBMIT FINGERPRINTS to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records; which has NOT been done. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details being accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. <input type="checkbox"/> FINGERPRINT SUBMISSION REQUIRED
<input checked="" type="radio"/>	<b>NEGATIVE</b> (Not confirmed by prints)	Based solely on the name(s) and date of birth provided, a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records did NOT identify any records with the name(s) and date of birth of the applicant. Positive identification that a criminal record does or does not exist at the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records can only be confirmed by FINGERPRINT comparison. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records.
<input type="radio"/>	<b>NEGATIVE</b> (Confirmed by prints)	Based on the fingerprints, name(s), and date of birth submitted by the applicant, this message certifies that a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records did not identify any records associated with the applicant that may be disclosed in accordance with federal laws. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details being accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records.
<input type="radio"/>	<b>CRIMINAL RECORD</b> (Confirmed by prints)	Based on the fingerprints, name(s), and the date of birth submitted by the applicant, this message certifies that a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records identified that the fingerprints submitted by the applicant were certified as identical to fingerprints registered under a criminal FPS Number. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. This document may not contain all criminal records associated with the applicant. <input type="checkbox"/> SEE ATTACHED POLICE RECORD CHECK SUPPLEMENTARY INFORMATION FORM FOR DETAILS
<input type="radio"/>	<b>CRIMINAL RECORD</b> (Not confirmed by prints)	Based solely on the name(s) and date of birth provided, a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records has resulted in a possible match to a registered criminal record. Positive identification that a criminal record does or does not exist at the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records can only be confirmed by fingerprint comparison. As such, the criminal record information declared by the applicant does not constitute a Certified Criminal Record by the RCMP. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details being accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. This document may not contain all criminal record convictions associated with the applicant. <input type="checkbox"/> SEE ATTACHED POLICE RECORD CHECK SUPPLEMENTARY INFORMATION FORM FOR DETAILS <input type="checkbox"/> FINGERPRINT SUBMISSION REQUIRED

### SECTION 2: RESULTS OF INVESTIGATIVE DATABANK AND LOCAL INDICES SEARCH

☒ **NEGATIVE** – No information was revealed that can be disclosed in accordance with federal laws and RCMP policies  
☐ **POSITIVE** – ☐ Criminal Record ☐ Outstanding Entries ☐ Non-Conviction Records for Public Safety  
☐ SEE ATTACHED POLICE RECORD CHECK SUPPLEMENTARY INFORMATION FORM FOR DETAILS

### SECTION 3: RESULTS OF VULNERABLE SECTOR CHECK ONLY

☒ A search of sex offenders who were granted a record suspension (pardon) was conducted. No information to release.  
☐ A search of sex offenders who were granted a record suspension (pardon) was conducted. Information authorized for release.  
☐ SEE ATTACHED POLICE RECORD CHECK SUPPLEMENTARY INFORMATION FORM FOR DETAILS

☐ Response(s) have not been received from all police agencies to previous addresses

Date Completed: 2024-12-02

Badge Number: 91985

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Background Clearance Section of the Ottawa Police Service  
P.O. Box 9634 Station T, Ottawa, ON K1G 6H5

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Reason: VULNERABLE SECTOR CHECK  
Time: D:20241202190655Z



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## RESULTS FOR POLICE RECORD CHECK LEVEL 3-VULNERABLE SECTOR CHECK (Sec. 1-3)

ALEXA BASEESO  
19 KEDGEWICK COURT  
NEPEAN, ONTARIO  
K2G 4M9

DATE OF REQUEST: 2024-12-02  
REQUEST NUMBER: 2024-15588380  
DATE OF BIRTH: 1983-05-25  
REQUESTING AGENCY: UBER

**NOTE: The Youth Criminal Justice Act (YCJA) restricts individuals from sharing records made under that Act. Findings of guilt and other dispositions under the YCJA may not be reported on this response.**

### SECTION 1: RESULTS FOR RCMP NATIONAL REPOSITORY CRIMINAL RECORD CHECK

<input type="radio"/>	<b>INCOMPLETE</b>	Based solely on the name(s) and/or the date of birth provided, a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records could NOT be completed. Positive identification that a criminal record does or does not exist requires the applicant to SUBMIT FINGERPRINTS to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records; which has NOT been done. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details being accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. <input type="checkbox"/> FINGERPRINT SUBMISSION REQUIRED
<input checked="" type="radio"/>	<b>NEGATIVE</b> (Not confirmed by prints)	Based solely on the name(s) and date of birth provided, a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records did NOT identify any records with the name(s) and date of birth of the applicant. Positive identification that a criminal record does or does not exist at the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records can only be confirmed by FINGERPRINT comparison. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records.
<input type="radio"/>	<b>NEGATIVE</b> (Confirmed by prints)	Based on the fingerprints, name(s), and date of birth submitted by the applicant, this message certifies that a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records did not identify any records associated with the applicant that may be disclosed in accordance with federal laws. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details being accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records.
<input type="radio"/>	<b>CRIMINAL RECORD</b> (Confirmed by prints)	Based on the fingerprints, name(s), and the date of birth submitted by the applicant, this message certifies that a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records identified that the fingerprints submitted by the applicant were certified as identical to fingerprints registered under a criminal FPS Number. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. This document may not contain all criminal records associated with the applicant. <input type="checkbox"/> SEE ATTACHED POLICE RECORD CHECK SUPPLEMENTARY INFORMATION FORM FOR DETAILS
<input type="radio"/>	<b>CRIMINAL RECORD</b> (Not confirmed by prints)	Based solely on the name(s) and date of birth provided, a search of the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records has resulted in a possible match to a registered criminal record. Positive identification that a criminal record does or does not exist at the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records can only be confirmed by fingerprint comparison. As such, the criminal record information declared by the applicant does not constitute a Certified Criminal Record by the RCMP. Delays do exist between a conviction being rendered in court, and the details being accessible on the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. Not all offences are reported to the RCMP National Repository of Criminal Records. This document may not contain all criminal record convictions associated with the applicant. <input type="checkbox"/> SEE ATTACHED POLICE RECORD CHECK SUPPLEMENTARY INFORMATION FORM FOR DETAILS <input type="checkbox"/> FINGERPRINT SUBMISSION REQUIRED

### SECTION 2: RESULTS OF INVESTIGATIVE DATABANK AND LOCAL INDICES SEARCH

☒ **NEGATIVE** – No information was revealed that can be disclosed in accordance with federal laws and RCMP policies  
☒ **POSITIVE** – ☐ Criminal Record ☐ Outstanding Entries ☐ Non-Conviction Records for Public Safety  
☐ SEE ATTACHED POLICE RECORD CHECK SUPPLEMENTARY INFORMATION FORM FOR DETAILS

### SECTION 3: RESULTS OF VULNERABLE SECTOR CHECK ONLY

☒ A search of sex offenders who were granted a record suspension (pardon) was conducted. No information to release.  
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Date Completed: 2024-12-02      Badge Number: 91985

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